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TO LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT L. BULLARD, whose reminiscences are now appearing in our daily press, we are grateful for putting another puncture in the theory that all the atrocities in the late war were confined to the Germans. We take from his story the following:

> The French authorities declined to see or speak of it, but the Moroccan division were in the habit of giving no quarter in battle; did not trouble themselves with prisoners. At Soissons, where this division took part side by side with my American 3d Corps in a great successful battle, it was whispered that the Americans at the end of the battle loaned the Moroccans some German prisoners.

Of course General Bullard, when he uses the word "whispered," is not a mere scandal-monger; as a responsible officer of the army he knows what he is talking about. Yet we suppose that despite this frank confession multitudes of Americans will insist upon believing that no one violated the rules of war except the Germans, and will continue to abuse any non-military person who declares that there was no difference in the moral standards of the Allied combatants and their adversaries. Indeed, General Bullard will be lucky if he does not bring down upon him the wrath of the Daughters of the Revolution and all our other patriotic societies for thus having "calumniated" our Allies.

THE SUPREME COURT'S decision overturning the Oregon law which prescribes that all children between eight and sixteen years of age must be educated in the public schools is undoubtedly in line with the spirit of our Constitution and our institutions, although it is regrettable that the judges base their position so largely upon the fact that the statute would take away property "without due process of law." The clause in our Constitution in regard to "due process of law" has been twisted to achieve anything that a court wants to do, and is therefore under suspicion whenever it is advanced. The human aspects of the case are much better set forth when it is said:

> As often heretofore pointed out, rights guaranteed by the Constitution may not be abridged by legislation which has no reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the State. The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only.

Whatever be the arguments for control of the education of the young by the State, it is evident that no broad purposes or considerations whatever entered into the framing of the Oregon law. It was a bigoted measure inspired by the Ku Klux Klan against Roman Catholics and all other non-Protestant elements—and is well out of the way.

A YEAR AND A HALF AGO this journal told how America's oil reserves had been transferred from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior, then in charge of Albert B. Fall, and how the latter had secretly leased a valuable tract to his friend Harry F. Sinclair (The Tale of the Teapot, November 21, 1923). Further testimony before the Walsh-Wheeler committee in the course of the succeeding winter revealed scandalous money transactions between Mr. Fall, on the one hand, and Mr. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny, on the other, leading eventually to criminal charges against Messrs. Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny and to civil suits by the government for the cancelation of the Elk Hills lease in California—obtained by Mr. Doheny—as well as the Teapot Dome lease in Wyoming, awarded to Mr. Sinclair. The public still recalls the mass of official corruption brought to light by the oil inquiry, how the Republican press and politicians tried to belittle the testimony, and how Senator Wheeler—by way of retaliation—was indicted both in Montana and in Washington, D. C. (In the latter place the charges have not yet come to trial.) The public recalls all this, but in the tangled story has almost lost track of the oil reserves out of which everything else grew.

THE FIRST of the various prosecutions growing out of these oil reserves has now been decided, the United States District Court in Los Angeles sustaining the government in its suit for the cancelation of the Doheny lease to the Elk Hills tract and the contract for the construction of storage tanks at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Judge McCormick upholds both the main contentions of the government: that President Harding was without legal authority to transfer the oil reserves to the Department of the Interior

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and that the payment of $100,000 by Mr. Doheny to Mr. Fall constituted "fraud and conspiracy" on the part of those men, sufficient in any event to void the lease. The case will, of course, be appealed to the Circuit Court and finally to the Supreme bench, but Judge McCormick's decision makes one hopeful that justice will eventually emerge triumphant from this scum of oil over our political life. Testimony has been taken and decision is now awaited in the suit to cancel the Teapot Dome lease. Criminal prosecution of Messrs. Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair has been delayed so far by technicalities, but must eventually get under way.

WHY SHOULD IT BE SUPPOSED that an American loses the right to form and freely express his opinions merely because he happens to be traveling abroad? We can readily understand the petulance of Mr. Coolidge and his supporters at the criticism which certain Americans in France were reported to have made in regard to the recent demand of Washington that its debtors must pay up. We can understand their petulance, but we are astonished that it should betray them into the absurd position of administering through the newspapers a public rebuke to such critics and still more amazed that Representative Fish of New York should propose that their mouths be stopped by the Logan act, a statute which forbids Americans to enter into arrangements with foreign governments to defeat the policies of the United States. There seems to be no possible application of the Logan act to the case in point, and if there is the law ought to be repealed or contested in the courts as violating the constitutional guaranties of free speech. Is Mr. Coolidge trying to spread a myth about our foreign debts comparable to the fable that he saved Boston at the time of the police strike? With the exception of Great Britain, none of our government's foreign debtors is likely to be able to pay even the interest on its borrowings in the visible future; but apparently the Great Economist in Washington wants to obtain paper agreements which can be used to make the people here at home think he is collecting these obligations.

WHETHER THE ZINOVIEV LETTER which played so large a part in the last British election was a forgery or not is a question which has increased in consequence since the recent Bulgarian uprising. There again documents were produced for which the Third International was held responsible. It is important to know whether the enemies of Russia are fighting her by means of forged documents or whether the Communist International has been guilty of such world-wide conspiracy as has been made to appear. The delegation appointed by the General Council of the British Trades Union Congress, after inspecting the archives of the Communist International in Moscow and the textual evidence of the letter itself, has concluded that the Zinoviev letter, at least, is a forgery. The report describes how the delegation examined the file of correspondence with the British Communist Party, the daily record of all outgoing correspondence, the minutes of the executive meetings, and investigated all channels through which such a letter might have been issued. The General Council has adopted the report and has urged the British Government to permit a similar inquiry, saying:

> If the Russian authorities can expose the officials and archives of the Foreign Office and Comintern to a foreign inspection, a refusal on our part to subject those of the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard to parliamentary investigation cannot but be held highly suspicious abroad. . . . Enough of the information in its possession has been published to convince any reader open to conviction that if a similar investigation were undertaken in London it would certainly expose who the forger was.

AFTER MONTHS OF WAITING the Allies have sent a note to the German Government explaining why they did not evacuate the Cologne area in January. To this belated official explanation is attached a specific list of the ways in which Germany has not disarmed. There are some thirty or forty factories which were used for the manufacture of war materials and have not yet been turned into commercial establishments; the note protests against the size of the German war staff and the state police. Such things, especially the failure to transform the factories, may be alleged as long as the French wish to remain in the occupied area. But assuming good faith on both sides, European opinion seems to consider that adequate changes can be effected by the end of September and that the British will withdraw from Cologne shortly after that. Until Germany has fulfilled her disarmament obligations to the satisfaction of France it is useless for her to apply for admission to the League. "Germany can be admitted into the League of Nations only when she is no longer in a state of default in respect of the Treaty of Versailles," says the semi-official *Temps*. Furthermore, until some settlement is made about Cologne the Allied-German security pact proposed in February by Berlin will not make much progress.

FOR CITY RESIDENTS, at least, increased rents are probably the most burdensome of all advances in the cost of living that have occurred in the last decade. Higher prices for food and clothing can be, and have been, countered in part by reductions in amount and by changes in kind or quality. Rents are inflexible; they are a fixed charge with which one cannot juggle. They were about the last of all costs to go up, but when they started they went kiting. And it is unpleasant to hear from the National Industrial Conference Board that although the average cost of living reached its Mount Everest in 1920 and has been going down since, rents kept on climbing until last summer and have dropped back only a few paces in the interval. Specifically, the board says that rents were 86 per cent higher last summer than ten years before, while the general cost of living was only about 62 per cent higher. Since last summer rents have gone down a trifle, so that they are now 82 per cent higher than in 1914. It is only fair to the much-hated landlord class to add that these figures are wholly at variance with those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. The latter estimated the average cost of living last December as 72 per cent higher than in 1913 while the item of rent was only 68 per cent higher. Tenants will doubtless quote the National Industrial Conference Board, while landlords will swear by the federal bureau. The moral seems to be that neither statistics nor landlords are to be trusted but that the rent has to be paid just the same.

SPEAKING OF RENTS suggests a comment by Governor Smith of New York when vetoing lately a bill to raise salaries and thus increase taxes. Economists have fumed for years because the average non-property owner refuses to understand that he is the ultimate taxpayer. In New

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York he is coming to realize this, says Governor Smith, through the State's rent laws. Under these a landlord is obliged to prove in court that an increase in rent is reasonable before he can enforce it. One justification that he can set up is higher taxes, and thus the tenant is faced with the direct connection between the two. Governor Smith goes on to say:

> The fact is that municipal officers are constantly striving to increase the assessed valuation in order to increase the debt-incurring capacity of the city, or to increase the amount which may be annually raised for city purposes, or by increasing the valuation to either reduce or maintain a low tax rate. The owner of the building, particularly if he holds it for speculative purposes, raises little or no objection to a high assessment, for the reason that it enables him to exact higher rents, or in the case of a sale of the property to secure a higher price. Municipal tax officers now require a statement of income from the owners of real estate, and, to a considerable extent, base their valuations on the amount of the income. The result of that is that taxing officers increase the assessment and the owner increases the rents, and when the owner increases the rents the taxing officers again increase the assessment; and so it goes on, while the unfortunate rent-payer, who in large cities represents 90 per cent of the population, pays the freight.

BY ELECTING Charles R. Erdman as Moderator the Presbyterian General Assembly showed that it liked its orthodoxy to be as gentlemanly and conciliatory as possible. (Unless one has read extreme and fundamentalist literature with some regularity one can hardly imagine how bitter and surly is its tone; rigid orthodoxy has lost not so much the desire, as the power, to correct heresy by corporal punishment.) By sustaining its Judicial Commission in requiring of candidates for the ministry positive acceptance of the Virgin Birth the Assembly showed that it could not reconcile modernism with its creeds. But nothing is really decided. Next year there will be a brand new Assembly and meanwhile the Moderator's committee may discover some formula of conciliation. Assuming that Dr. Erdman represents the dominant spirit in the Presbyterian church, it may still be possible to avert a split. The majority of Presbyterians undoubtedly believe in the Virgin Birth, but they also believe in keeping liberal money and perhaps liberal leadership within the fold. Besides, the liberals seem to have a fairly strong constitutional case that without revision of Presbyterian standards, in which the presbyteries must concur, the Assembly cannot dictate precise points to which candidates for the ministry must subscribe.

HARRY E. FOSDICK, we imagine, must see in events a vindication of his wisdom in rejecting the invitation of the last Assembly to join the Presbyterian ministry. Modernism has its work cut out if it is to transform any of the evangelical churches or even obtain toleration within them. But the binding Calvinist creed and centralized government of the Presbyterians undoubtedly offers difficulties not present in the Baptist churches, each of which is a law unto itself as to its own creed and government. Hence, despite Dr. Straton and without approval of any higher body, the Park Avenue Baptist Church can subordinate the name Baptist and make immersion a voluntary rather than a mandatory form of baptism. The Park Avenue Church, to which Dr. Fosdick has accepted a call, plans to create a great center on Morningside Heights, and the public, irrespective of theological belief, may well take satisfaction in the idea, for Dr. Fosdick's is not a voice that our generation can afford to have silenced. As in the Presbyterian church it is the comparative wealth of the modernists that strengthens their position, so in the Baptist church it is the great wealth of John D. Rockefeller that makes it possible to meet Dr. Fosdick's requirements of larger opportunities of influence. Students of certain phases of democracy will find in this situation considerable food for thought.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of Donn Barber at fifty-three, following closely upon the passing of Henry Bacon, Joseph Howland Hunt, and Bertram Goodhue, all at about the same age, suggests that there rests a greater strain upon the successful architect than the public suspects. Without having Mr. Goodhue's genius, or that of Mr. Bacon, Mr. Barber stood among the leaders of his profession, in particular as a representative of the Beaux Arts influence upon our architectural development; it cannot be said of him that he developed a markedly individualistic style. None the less he was a man of broad vision, and had been chosen to build the new Broadway Temple, which is to be a combination of office-building and house of worship—"a self-supporting cathedral." It may be said that the finest edifices that came from his board were the Department of Justice Building in Washington, which he won in a competition, the Connecticut State Library, and the monumental Travelers' Insurance Building at Hartford, with its splendid tower. Mr. Barber had devoted much time to working upon a regional plan of New York City and its surroundings. This will be the basis of the future development of New York if public-spirited individuals and organizations have their way.

THIS VOLSTEAD BUSINESS is going too far. It is time to call a halt when three Virginia gentlemen, professors in the University of Virginia, are arrested and indicted on the charge of driving an automobile when intoxicated, of transporting intoxicants, and of appearing on a highway under the influence of liquor. We submit that from the days of Patrick Henry, and long before that, it has been the privilege of Virginia gentlemen to have their little drop after every meal if they please, to carry their liquor with them either inside or on their persons, and to carry it steadily or unsteadily as they prefer. Now these gentlemen were chiefly guilty, it appears, of letting a flask lie upon the bottom of their motor car instead of having it in one of their pockets—an accident likely to happen to any gentleman, especially if his motor car, as in this case, proceeds of its own volition to turn upside down on the public highway. We are sure that there could have been no other connection between the flask and the upset than that the upset jarred the flask out of its proper resting place. We can understand, too, how after the upset the three gentlemen, being a bit shaken, walked so as to give suspicious police a chance to misunderstand. Shades of Colonel Carter of Cartersville! Do these officious minions of the law really believe that one flask could upset the equilibrium of *three* Virginia gentlemen? The authorities should apologize at once, quash the indictments, rebuke the police, and persuade the professors to withdraw their resignations from the faculty founded by Thomas Jefferson. The professors, two being of the department of philosophy, doubtless recall that it was one drink which finished their master, Socrates.

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Degrading the Fourth of July

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE did well to put an end to the army's efforts to establish a national mobilization on Armistice Day. It was a bit too raw to make November 11 the day for annually mustering those forces which are to be called on to fight our next war. That smacked too much of hypocrisy—the calling of the roll of our fighters on the very anniversary of the end of the war which was solemnly proclaimed to the American people as the war to end war. Perhaps the President thought that that would make the war humbuggery altogether too transparent; that a day, once the most delirious thanksgiving for peace ever known in America, should be given over to the beat of drums and the tramp of armed men.

But why pick upon the Fourth of July? The glorious Fourth was by no stretch of the imagination ever intended to be a day given over to the preparation for war, to the rattling of the saber. It was historically the day that America cut itself loose from what was considered a tyranny and a despotism exercised or typified by men in red, bearing arms. However well the individual British regiments behaved in Colonial days, they came more and more to signify a hateful authority applied from an office 3,000 miles away. The hatred of a regular army was in consequence as firmly rooted in the souls of the colonists as any other emotion born of the struggle with the mother country. That was one reason why the regular army was a mere corporal's guard for decades after the Revolution—there were but 9,000 men in it when Robert E. Lee entered the army in 1829. It is true that there were militia parades on the Fourth of July in the early days of the republic and that many a patriotic soul in an outgrown Revolutionary uniform boasted of his hundred-told feats of arms before the bored neighbors of Squantum Four-Corners on Independence Day. But not even that nor the shooting of firecrackers and guns and pistols really changed the character of the day or gave it a military significance. We do not believe that President Coolidge and the War Department combined can change the character of that day now. It is the great national play-day, when men wish to be on the sands of the shores or in the mountains or on track or field, and we do not think that this effort to make the whole nation—for that is the real idea—stand at attention and salute and goose step and fire blank cartridges will go down with the people. Perhaps that is why President Coolidge suggested it. Disgusted as he is reported to be with the efforts of our militarists to put every man and woman into the army, he may have thought that this day of all days would be the best to make mobilization unpopular.

But we ask once more, why a mobilization day at all? It is utterly out of place in America. They don't dream of having it in France or in England or in Belgium. Were the present German Government, or Hindenburg personally, to propose a national mobilization day for Germany the Allies would probably forbid it. If not they would denounce it, particularly the French press, as clear proof of the essential militarism of the German people, of their desire for revenge, their effort to keep alive the military spirit, to circumvent the Treaty of Versailles. The military men in Washington know that mobilization day has no purely military value whatever. They don't want it for military reasons but merely for rousing the military spirit, for setting on foot more nationalist propaganda. That was openly admitted last year after the first mobilization day when a press dispatch announced that the War Department was dissatisfied with the results of its efforts because only some 8,000 towns and villages had responded to the appeal. Therefore it had decided to put a reserve officer into every village and hamlet to serve as a center for "patriotic," that is, nationalistic and militaristic, propaganda. It has already enlisted no fewer than 90,000 reserve officers where we did not have a single one when we entered the war which was to banish militarism from the earth. It can, of course, order these 90,000 to swelter in their uniforms on the Fourth of July, and 90,000 more if it wishes to enrol them, but we cannot believe that the American people wants anything of the kind.

It is bad enough that Decoration Day is becoming not a day to honor the military dead but one to exalt the caste of arms and to identify patriotism with militarism, with the bearing of guns. This year pulpits rang with the glorification of war and the warrior and there were larger parades of armed men in New York and other cities than ever before—60,000 marched in our largest city. There were many days when the Army of the Potomac did not muster 60,000. There is a drift here which is sweeping this country along the very lines which the founders of the government dreaded. They wanted no men on horseback and no nation in arms, and they left this country undefended for generations without a single injury worthy the mention. What should be done with the Fourth of July is not to make it a day for turning out all the troops available, and as many unthinking civilians as can be formed into line, but a day for the reaffirmation of that distrust and dislike of permanent armed forces and of their glorification which actuated George Washington and all of his associates, none more so than Thomas Jefferson, the radical, the disarmer of the fleet, whom it is now the fashion to celebrate.

Summer Reading

THE notion that light books are proper for summer reading seems to derive from two other mistaken notions: that summer is a light season and that light books are easy to read. Whether or not the delusion still persists it is impossible to say. Doubtless it does; doubtless there are publishers even yet who advertise poor novels as good enough for hammocks in the woods, back seats of automobiles, and bottoms of canoes; certainly the institution of the book-box, packed by a casual clerk in the city and sent along with paper napkins to the country house or delivered with steamer rugs to the stateroom, has not gone out. It is a delusion, nevertheless.

So is the theory that summer is light. If the seasons were ponderable at all it might be demonstrated that summer is the heaviest of the four—not the least delightful by any means, but at any rate the most serious. A long, white day in the middle of July, when no leaf dances and the sun is almost too large for the sky, is a very considerable fact; and the still longer evenings at that time of year, when darkness comes so deliberately and the air thickens with

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the noises of night, are significant as centuries. Then, more than in any other season, time seems to stand still; then one remembers the particular completeness of life; then one does not long for easy literature.

And if one did long for it one would not attempt to satisfy the longing with what is called a light novel. Such books are hard going for minds which, even in a hammock with iced ginger ale, like to be occupied. For the implication always is that a cheap text is sufficient diversion—that when the season is overpowering the brain functions so feebly that any old thing will do. There is the legend that a great psychologist resorted to detective stories when his intellect was fagged; and did not one of the Presidents do something of the sort too? But it is difficult for some to see how the detective stories could have been restful. Nothing is more difficult to read than a bad book; "mere" stories can be the dullest things in the world. Probably no mind worthy of the name was ever really diverted until it was occupied.

More and more persons are discovering that the simplest and most natural thing to read during a summer's vacation is a long and excellent book. There is time for it at last—no rushing to the office, no dinner-parties, no piles of correspondence. And certainly there is an inclination for it. Such persons, then, slip into their trunks a copy of Plutarch—whom they have never read except in snatches; or of Lucian; or of Thucydides; or of Homer—whom this time they will not skip; or of Livy; or of Dante; or of Montaigne; or of Boccaccio; or of Rabelais; or of Gibbon; or of "Tom Jones"; or of Boswell; or of Lockhart; or of "Dichtung und Wahrheit"; or of "The Origin of Species"; or of "The Golden Bough"; or of "The Education of Henry Adams"; or of "The Old Wives' Tale"; or of "Of Human Bondage"; or of "The Forsyte Saga"; or of "The Genius"; or of Mark Twain's autobiography. That is summer reading.

To Europe à la Carte

UNDOUBTEDLY the number of Americans who want to visit Europe is increasing every year. It would be a splendid thing both for Europe and America if all might go. A vacation in Europe is cheaper, once you get there, than one here. Also it is far more of a change and of much greater educational value. But owing to the high cost of ocean transportation a European vacation is now practically out of the reach of a majority of the persons who would most profit by it.

Ever since the World War transatlantic passenger fares have been out of line with other costs. They have been higher comparatively than rates on other routes and are decidedly in advance of the average increase of prices in general. Previous to the World War one could get a third-class passage to Europe for between $30 and $40, a second-class passage for between $50 and $60, and a first-class passage for about $100. Today rates are 100 to 150 per cent higher for all classes, although the average cost of living is less than 75 per cent higher. Yet the steamship companies are not piling up excessive profits. On the contrary many of our finest transatlantic liners are running either at a loss or at an inconsequential profit.

What is the trouble? The steamship companies answer in a chorus: The loss of the once highly lucrative third-class travel, due to restricted immigration. True enough—but not the whole truth. It is also true that within recent years the standard of accommodation and comfort on transatlantic passenger ships has been raised beyond reason. Speed and luxury have been the watchwords, and both cost money. The companies have had their eye on only two classes of passengers—immigrants and the rich. Now that the immigrants have failed them their passenger facilities are top-heavy. Their salvation—if they have the imagination to realize it—lies not in government subsidies or higher rates but in building up a new business through appealing to the great American middle class by means of less speed and less pretentious accommodations—coupled with lower fares.

Previous to the World War a number of steamship companies were partially meeting the demand for moderate accommodations at moderate speed—and sparing the sensibilities of persons who did not wish to travel second or third class on vessels which also carried first-class passengers—by setting aside certain vessels as one-class ships. Passengers on such vessels had the run of the entire ship but paid only second or third-class fares, according to the classification of the craft. Such arrangements were largely abandoned owing to the great demand for shipping accommodations during and just after the World War. The plan has been revived during the last few years, but it is not yet well understood by the traveling public and suffers because of the fact that many Americans have a prejudice against going as second or third-class passengers, even though the accommodation itself may be entirely satisfactory and there is no other class aboard their ship.

Edward A. Filene of Boston sensibly suggests that the classifications first, second, and third be abolished and that passengers be charged, as they are in hotels, for the general standard maintained and for the particular quarters occupied. In our large cities the old-fashioned American-plan hotel, with uniform charges including meals, has practically disappeared; but we have not replaced the system with hostelries divided into first, second, and third-class accommodations. Instead we have hotels of varying standards and a wide range of expense in each, according to the room which a patron occupies and the food which he eats.

The public likes to refer to the modern steamship as a floating hotel. It would undoubtedly welcome a change in steamship organization which would make ocean travel as flexible and as democratic as travel on land. It is commonly said that third-class transatlantic travel is more comfortable today than was first-class travel fifty years ago. To a large extent this is true. It is equally true that third-class travel today comprehends as much as thousands of traveling Americans are accustomed to at home or are in the habit of paying for when they put up at hotels ashore.

Mr. Filene makes one suggestion especially to the point. It is that the cafeteria system be established aboard ship in place of the present arrangement whereby the traveler is often glutted with food and the ship is the victim of a large amount of waste. By introducing the cafeteria system, or some modification of it, there would be a large saving to the ship in help, and economy for the passenger in a simpler, less expensive diet.

The changes here suggested are coming. The only question is whether existing steamship companies will have the vision to make them and save their business, or whether they will wait for Henry Ford—or some other industrial iconoclast—to take the traffic and the profits from them.

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Have We Found a New Motor Fuel?

By JOHN COLLINS

IS gasoline about to be supplanted as a motor fuel by a synthetic alcohol which can be sold more cheaply?

This is the dramatic possibility which seems not yet to have been glimpsed by the public in the discussion in trade and technical circles of a product lately put on the market in Germany. If the predictions in regard to this fuel are realized, it will mean a revolution in the oil industry with profound political and economic changes in its train.

One of the most disturbing economic phenomena in the United States is the rapid depletion of our petroleum supply. The Smithsonian Institution predicts the end of our reserves by 1927. The United States Geological Survey estimates that there remain underground in the United States and Alaska only 7,000 million barrels as compared with 53,000 million in the rest of the world.

To get the full significance of these figures in their relation to our economic future one must glance at world oil politics of the past few years. In the struggle for new petroleum sources abroad we have come off second best. All but a negligible portion of the 53,000 million barrels outside the United States now is under British control. It is not surprising, then, that the President's Oil Board has sent out during the past few weeks an emergency call for information on gasoline substitutes.

This quest for substitutes, while in progress in the United States since 1907, has been carried on with unusual vigor since the end of the war. Up to the present time nearly all experiments have been based on the idea of using ethyl alcohol. Potatoes, molasses, and beets have in turn been tried as sources. But costs of production have always been too high. Now from an unexpected source comes what appears to be a solution of the problem.

In the list of imports from Germany for the month of February there appeared opposite "Alcohol, methyl," the notation 62,971 gallons. For years this space had been blank. In our alcohol trading with Germany we had always been exporters. When in March the import figure reached 69,886 gallons with everything pointing to a progressive increase, it was evident that something revolutionary had occurred.

What had occurred was the discovery and commercialization by the German chemical cartel of "wood" alcohol made synthetically from water gas. As the process is understood here, a jet of steam is played on coal; the resulting liquid is placed under great pressure and passed over a catalyst. One yield is methyl alcohol. Another is "synthol," a substance said to be more efficient than tetraethyl lead as a gasoline power-increasing agent, with the additional advantage of being non-poisonous to handle.

The new process is a development of the idea by which the Germans, when blockaded by the Allied fleets during the war, plucked their fertilizers and explosives from the air. The most important thing about it is that it yields methyl alcohol, at a cost said to be a trifle under 18 cents per gallon. The cost of production by the wood-distillation process used by American manufacturers is about 70 cents.

Produced at such a low cost the new alcohol looms up as an actual possible successor to gasoline. According to Dr. Charles E. Lucke, head of the mechanical engineering department at Columbia, it could, if sold at 14 cents, drive 20-cent gasoline from the field. But this computation is based upon present automobile engine compression. Alcohol can be used under much higher compression than can gasoline and, says Dr. Lucke, in special engines the new German product might be competitive even on a basis of present costs. It should be noted that the present production cost of 18 cents per gallon is but the beginning of commercialization. Widening of markets and development of joint products would tend to reduce costs further. Moreover, another variable involved is the price of gasoline. As petroleum supplies dwindle the price of gasoline will, of course, tend to rise. In brief, in the new alcohol, gasoline appears to have a competitor.

As a fuel, declares Dr. Lucke, the new alcohol should be superior to gasoline in every way. Being comparatively simple in chemical structure it burns completely, leaving no residue. Moreover, it presents a smaller fire hazard since it may be quenched with water.

"The principal difficulty involved in the transition from gasoline to alcohol will be distribution," says Dr. Lucke. To avoid touring difficulties the alcohol should be available all over the country at once. For this reason existing fuel-distributing agencies will probably have to be utilized. The best plan would be the introduction of the alcohol by degrees. It could be mixed with gasoline and the ratio gradually raised until the old fuel would be eliminated.

The immediate problem presented, however, is the acquisition of the process of production by someone in the United States. It may be true, as the Chemical Foundation claims, that the basic patents covering the secret were registered here in 1914 and have been reposing since the war in the collection seized from the Germans by the Alien Property Custodian. But it is generally admitted that these patents are too vaguely worded to be of any practical use to an American chemist.

To understand how American chemical manufacturers have attempted to cope with this problem it is necessary to review briefly their attitude toward the importation of the new alcohol. When details of the process arrived in this country it was generally conceded in chemical circles that this was a matter in which the tariff was impotent. The levy on alcohol imports is at present 12 cents per gallon. Under the flexible provision of the tariff act it may be raised to 18 cents. Such action in the face of the great disparity between costs, German and American, would have no appreciable effect save to boost the price unnecessarily to the consumer here.

Despite these circumstances, nearly all American chemical manufacturers rushed to Washington and demanded a tariff increase. What they may have in mind, it is whispered in chemical circles, is an embargo. The Government in a tariff inquiry may, if dumping is suspected, order the foreign producer to open his books. If the foreign producer balks, the usual procedure is the establishment of an embargo to be lifted eventually perhaps by

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placing the commodity on an American valuation basis.

These tactics have prompted Dr. Marston T. Bogert, professor of chemistry at Columbia, to remark that the American chemical industry instead of devoting itself to laboratory research has been using the tariff to tax efficiency—a tax which the public pays. But in this particular case there have been some American chemical manufacturers who have not put all their eggs in the tariff basket. If one may place any credence in newspaper reports and trade gossip the Du Pont de Nemours Company has been negotiating directly with the Germans for the American rights. Simultaneously, according to the papers, the Du Pont Company has been erecting at Charleston, West Virginia, a plant to produce the new alcohol. One report, from the Berlin Bureau of the *Daily News Record*, stated that the deal had been concluded and that a German commission was leaving for the United States to confer with the Du Pont Company on details.

To get the economic implications of this situation it is necessary to consider other news items, apparently unrelated, that have been appearing simultaneously with the alcohol reports. This group of items has centered about the tetra-ethyl lead or "loony gas" investigation. One report stated that the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, manufacturers of tetra-ethyl lead, had voluntarily suspended business pending the report of a special inquiry into the harmfulness of their product. Another announced that the General Motors Corporation was about to introduce a special high-compression automobile engine.

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours, through ownership of 70 per cent of the stock, controls the General Motors Corporation. General Motors owns the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation jointly with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. One should not be surprised to see in the immediate future a new combination: Du Pont making the fuel alcohol, the Standard Oil Company distributing it, and General Motors controlling the high-compression engines in which to burn it. Incidentally, all these news items appear to alter the complexion of current "loony gas" hearings. Some of the younger and less reverent individuals in the chemical industry have suggested that in suspending its sales voluntarily the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation may have been making the unselfish gesture of laying its cards on the table while keeping the synthol ace up its sleeve.

Too Many College Girls?

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

III. "Good College Material"

SUPPOSE for a moment that the great Eastern women's college is a country, which, because of too little food and too little room, must set up rigid immigration laws. Who are to be its immigrants? Are they to have property qualifications or merely to pass a literacy test? Are they to come from Great Britain and Scandinavia, or shall the country accept Poles and Chinese and Germans and Turks and the rest? Shall it take in only those who want actively to support its institutions, or those who are working out their own cultural destiny? Is the country interested chiefly in ability and mental power, or does it want pleasant personalities and Christian virtues? The illustration becomes tiresome—but it suggests the problem of the overcrowded women's college. What sort of immigration laws shall it set up?

College administrators are looking for "good material"—that is the technical description of an acceptable immigrant—and they have a picture of her in mind. Deliberately and consciously they invent restrictions and offer inducements with the hope of filling their limited space with a particular sort of girl. And, since every sort wants to come to college, their task is chiefly that of elimination. They make their examinations hard enough to keep out the hopelessly dull ones. They search school records to the same end. And then, in addition to these merely academic tests, they demand the recommendations of school principals; where possible they seek an interview with the candidate herself. And they set a tuition fee except for those who enter on scholarships. Thus they choose or reject their immigrants.

The entrance examination is a simple, dry, inflexible test with only a small chance for discrimination. But it is fair, on the whole, even if a mediocre girl from a first-class school occasionally gets in in place of a bright girl from an inadequate school. The other tests demand far more intelligence and imagination. Among the girls who can pass the academic tests are some whom the school principal will prefer not to recommend, whom a prominent alumna or the dean will interview and then advise to go to some other college. These will appear not to be "good college material."

I talked recently to a professor of economics who for twenty years has taught young women in at least four colleges or universities. He was vehement and despairing.

"Nice girls," he said, "thousands of them, turned out every year by every women's college—thousands of nice girls—and if there were five million the good Lord wouldn't give a nickel for the lot."

The campus was full of them as he talked. It was raining, and hundreds of yellow slickers flapped along the walks between the college buildings, hurrying to classes. One could almost imagine the good Lord reaching down at that moment, seizing a glistening coattail, and addressing its owner: "You, young woman, are a Nice Girl. This is not your fault—what is anyone's fault? Your parents wanted you to be what you are; they wanted you to have pleasant, frank, unaggressive manners; to wear simply cut, conventional clothes; to be healthy and well-kept. They wanted you to be successful socially and popular with men. They wanted you to be helpful and active and a part of your environment. They wanted you to be reasonably pious, to do your lessons well, and to get good marks. But they wanted nothing of importance for you and so you are only a Nice Girl. They never wanted you to think, for thought is dangerous and explosive; they never wanted you to learn, for knowledge is the end of innocence; they never wanted you to live or to create, for these things mean poetry and passion and rebellion. And since you have never, in defiance of them and of the world, thought or learned or lived, you are at present nothing and worth less than one five-millionth of a nickel."

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But actually the good Lord did not appear; it was the professor himself who discussed the Nice Girl. "The colleges," he said, "get just what they want. They are not arranged to take care of intelligence; an eager desire for learning is looked at with discomfort and suspicion. Special honors courses are occasionally arranged for the brilliant members of the upper classes, but they are considered something of a nuisance. The college is made for unwilling or merely receptive intellects—for girls who must be prodded and tested and marked; one would think they came to college as a favor to the authorities. Of course they are not dull or frivolous; no, most of them are bright and conscientious—thoroughly nice girls."

He looked out of the window at the campus, empty now, and his mind built a new college—one which would attract hungry, curious minds, minds delighted by knowledge. It would give up everything else to the needs of young women who were mentally alive, who were not repelled by the terrors of thought. Its whole equipment and the time and learning of its teachers would be at the service of such persons. Those who could not keep up might drop back or slip out; the concern of the college would be with the students who made active demands upon it. There would be no attempt to secure any "material" but this. No student would be judged by her personality or parentage or race or even by her willingness to "contribute" to the life of the institution. She would not be expected to contribute; she would be expected to grasp and consume, and the greater her avidity the better her standing. Her manners might be rough, her clothes neglected, as long as her mind had distinction and power.

"But," said the professor, "nobody would tolerate such a place. It couldn't live as a part of this society of ours. After all it is the fathers of the nice girls who support our colleges. We are part of a system; and with no hint of malice or corruption we are going to act as that system dictates. We will provide scholarships and help worthy self-supporting students to get jobs; but we are created to give an education to conventional, well-brought-up, middle-class girls—girls who will leave college and go back to their homes and never, never do anything worth doing as long as they live—nice girls," said the professor.

"Even so there are some—200 perhaps—in this very college who are worth saving; they do happen in the very nicest families occasionally. Perhaps we can make college mean something to them—not act bored when they want to use their minds outside the confines of our regular courses. And perhaps, eventually, more like them will come in. . . ."

It doesn't seem likely. Crowded as the colleges are, they still make a set for the nice girl. The more they depend on the school recommendation and on personal interviews, and the higher the tuition goes, the more stereotyped will they become. An instructor at Vassar described the effect of a recent rise in tuition. "They may devote it *all*," she said, "to the creation of scholarships—and still we'll lose. To the girl who doesn't want help but who is fighting to get through college by her own earning power—this extra $200 may mean total defeat. She can just about make it now; next year she may not be able to. The strongest, most eager group of students in college will be cut down by this increase." Other colleges frequently discourage on grounds of health the student who wants to earn her way through; they may save her from overwork, but to what end if she loses her chance of peaceful education?

As for school recommendations and the personal interview, it is not hard to visualize their effect. They may weed out the flippant, the badly behaved, the girl who wants only to snatch a little prestige and fun as she slips through college. They may tend to bring in the better students from the poorer schools and to provide a certain degree of geographical variety. But unless they are employed with a daring and intuition unlikely in the average school principal or alumnae representative or college secretary they will inevitably favor the "nice girl"—the girl with pleasant manners and a conforming disposition. The girl without these qualifications . . .

Well, take for example the case of my friend Sonia Trotzky. She is brilliant; some day, if she can fight through poverty and find a chance, she may be famous. She was brought up in a dark, ill-smelling, crowded tenement on Eldredge Street in New York. Her father was—and still is—a garment worker. Her mother was and is a worn-out slave to darkness and dirt and many children. Sonia went to work in a dress shop when she was 13, but she kept on studying at night school. She absorbed learning in the midst of work and strikes and an ill-kept contentious household. And finally, when she was 20, she was ready for college. She passed her examinations, and presently faced an interview with an important local alumna. What that alumna saw was a short, dark, self-conscious young woman with no manners and an unpleasant accent. She saw neglected clothes and a bad complexion. She sensed a certain harsh resentment of the interview itself and her own easy, distinguished presence. She detected, she thought, an aggressive attitude in regard to social questions, a grasping spirit in the matter of education. She was wholly polite. Quite honestly she suggested that Sonia might not be happy in the alien environment of the institution she had chosen. "Why don't you go to one of the good city colleges?" she asked. And then she wrote to the secretary of the committee on admissions of her college and said that Sonia Trotzky would not, she was sure, prove to be good material; she would neither contribute to the college nor fit in successfully. It never occurred to her that this might be a reflection on the college.

For it was quite true. Sonia would have been miserable. She could not afford conventional, attractive clothes—not even a yellow slicker. She would be conscious of her manners, her accent, her complexion, her terrific need to know everything. She would feel humble and at the same time scornful—an uncomfortable combination. She would, in short, never be a nice girl. And the college would be polite but it could not like Sonia; and it would forever doubt the judgment of the particular prominent alumna who recommended this harsh outlander.

So Sonia, with bitterness in her heart, went to a good city college; and the college that rejected her lost with her a fierce determination and a brave, eager intellect. It is losing almost all the Sonias in the country. For our colleges are pleasant upper-class institutions; and they are becoming more so. They do not actively desire this; it is a stealthy, unconscious process. It would take daring and imagination to prevent it. Perhaps some day a college will set its committees and officials at work to find a way to attract and then to satisfy active minds and ardent spirits.

But first it must decide honestly and unflinchingly whether it wants the privilege of educating my friend Sonia.

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Emerging Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

I. The Heritage

IN Mexico as nowhere else one can sense the life-span of man on our planet. Here are great stone temples, exuberantly carved monuments to the highest old civilization in the New World. Here in their shadows still dwells the race that built them, after achieving in its day superb art, after forging centuries ahead in mathematics and astronomy of the Eurasian cultures. Here likewise the high sierras and tropic jungles hold Neolithic tribes, unquickened by the Amerindian evolution begun five thousand years ago, unconquered by the European invasion less than five centuries old. Here the sky-rocket Orizaba—Ciltlaltepetl, the Aztecs' "Mountain of the Star"—drops its melting snows three vertical miles to turn a hundred thousand cotton spindles and light a score of pastel-tinted towns. It's all here—from humming bow-string to humming power-loom; from sun dance to sympathetic strike.

Mexico is of all the ages of man. She is child and adult, white and red, East and West. To synthesize the instincts and urges of many epochs, races, and cultures is her problem. It is a task of such epic size, so rooted in the past, so tethered in environment, so pressed upon by this swift century that to understand the component problems, immediate and intermediate—though all are urgent—which confront the Government of President Calles a few words of retrospection are necessary.

Four hundred years ago the *conquistadores* imposed a totally alien way of life on a people who, without the fructifying contacts that had so greatly impulsed the early Mediterranean cultures, were developing a considerable degree of civilization. At no other time in history has an Occidental race achieved and so long continued its mastery of an Oriental—for despite the apparent paradox in nomenclature the Amerindian belongs temperamentally to the contemplative East. The contrast was complete, and in a great measure still is, despite the adaptation of the Spanish language and other externals by a large proportion of Mexican natives. Fusion and amalgamation thus far have been more apparent than real. The trouble lay not in the degree of Spanish culture, which by anthropological standards may be said to have been in advance of the Aztec-Zapotec-Maya,* but in the wide dissimilarity between the two. In the United States the natives, fewer in number, largely nomadic and at a far earlier stage of development, were exterminated. In Mexico they continue to form the bulk of the population. Mexico is an Indian land.

Politically the Spanish conquest meant the stifling of the autochthonous beginnings of local and communal self-government. In its place came the Spanish concept—rule by force—in which public offices were merely the spoils of power. For three centuries the Spanish viceroys ruled absolutely—maintaining the Inquisition until the end. Yet the "Independence," which abolished it and wrought political separation from the mother country, brought little material benefit or change to the Mexican people. Most of the old oppressions continued unabated—some were later intensified. Yet at the outset of the nineteenth century "liberty" was in the air, the "rights of man" were current, and in a world far more widely separated than ours is today the very profound differences that underlay the American, French, and Latin-American revolutions escaped general scrutiny. It was the label that counted. Yet those three degrees and varieties of preparation for autonomy have been clearly disclosed in the century that has elapsed. The government of the United States once established, its progress has been steady and persistently evolutionary. The French required three-quarters of a century with alternating periods of relative stability, yet punctuated by coups d'etat and revolutions, to arrive at the smoother waters of republicanism which have now persisted for two generations. But the unfortunate Mexicans, whatever their undiluted native heritage might have proved to be, received from their Hispanic conquerors that legacy which in the mother country today in the fulness of the twentieth century has brought forth the military dictator Primo de Rivera, in frank confession that the existing "constitutional" monarchy is a flat failure. No more revealing evidence of Spain's political poisoning of the New World has been furnished than its own present septic outbreak of martial law, summary executions, suppression of constitutionally guaranteed liberties, and all the other accompaniments of a reversion to tyranny and dictatorship. When one remembers that this inherent defect was transmitted and imposed by conquest, and continued suppression on a totally distinct race and culture in the New World, the marvel is rather that the Latin-Americans in their first century of national life have not fared worse.

Now the reaction of the average American to a citation of the Mexican heritage as supremely pertinent to present conditions would quite naturally be to ask: "Isn't all this ancient history?" But the fact is that our own amazing development in the last hundred years—that unique combination of an empty and boundlessly rich country, a selected immigration, a political concept which enabled the free interplay of these factors and the superadded stimulus of the industrial revolution—makes it difficult for him to understand why a somewhat analogous development has not taken place next door. The difference is that we made our own molds. The Mexicans had theirs cast for them, and they never fitted.

The revolution of 1911 was merely the explosion of the cumulated anachronisms, political, economic, and spiritual, which had made life unbearable for 90 per cent of the Mexican people. But it was inevitable, with the lack of preparation, that this upheaval should for a while be destructive, ill-defined. Consider that Mexico's 105-year autonomy under a supposedly constitutional and republican form of government may be summarized as (1) a half century of military anarchy, a continuous bloody struggle between factions for power and its profits—relieved at the end by the rise of the far-visioned Benito Juarez, whose untimely death probably altered Mexico's subsequent history; (2) the Diaz period, in which while self-government

* Mary Austin could very effectively dispute this.—E. G.

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was atrophied Mexico's physical plant was greatly improved and modernized; (3) the revolutionary period in which through a welter of anarchy, militarism, shameless corruption, political opportunism, and half-baked economic theory ran a silver cord of revolutionary idealism; and despite repeated betrayals distinct spiritual gains were made by the mass of the Mexican people.

If the summary of the third period seems somewhat loaded with adverse symptoms it should be observed that there have been two kinds of revolutions in Mexico—though as far as I know distinction between them has never been made. The prevailing type, there and elsewhere in Latin-America to date, is the familiar revolt of the "outs" against the "ins," actuated by no principle whatever, though invariably dressed up in the loftiest motives by its protagonists. The other type is the historic revolution motivated by the desire of a people to change a status that has become intolerable. The revolt of the slaves under Spartacus, our War of Independence, the French Revolution, and the Russian revolution which ended Czarism, while differing widely, were all clearly of that character. For convenience let us call the latter type the true revolution. Its motif reappears throughout Mexico's turbulent history. It was present in the leadership of Hidalgo and Morelos in Mexico's fight for independence from Spain, and in the struggles of Benito Juarez against vested privilege half a century later. But at other times up to 1911 it has been virtually invisible, despite claims to the contrary. Only a small portion of the Mexican people took part in the various sanguinary civil struggles, and a still smaller number of those who did had any idea of what they were fighting for. Madero initiated a true revolution—The Revolution it is called in Mexico. Its failure to accomplish more to date for the welfare of the Mexican people may easily be accounted for by the permeation of the "revolutionary" group by the other kind of revolutionists, by their nefarious activities while supposedly engaged in a patriotic labor of national redemption, and by the interrupting revolutions which they precipitated. De la Huerta's rebellion was typical, a drive by generals and politicians for more loot which the growing stability and orderliness of Mexico under Obregon made it increasingly difficult for them to obtain.

Many persons in Mexico would doubtless dispute this distinction between revolutions. Conservatives especially would assert that all were of the same character—political, "personalist" squabbles—and it must be admitted that often the two types have been so closely interwoven as to be indistinguishable. Every politician in Mexico has for a decade been calling himself a "revolutionary," meaning a devotee of the new order. But if this self-characterization were true Mexico would be peaceful and prospering because there would be unanimity and common effort toward a reconstructive program. The opposition would be nonexistent, for the avowed reactionaries in Mexico are numerically inconsequential and impotent. But it isn't true. The majority of so-called revolutionaries have used the name for political expediency and serve only themselves. The rapid organization, disintegration, and reorganization of political parties—except the Labor and Agrarian—with new party labels and catchwords, though composed of pretty much the same individuals, tells the story. "The tragedy of Mexico," President Calles told me recently, "is that every time a traitor was called for, ten presented themselves."

Glance through that Anabasis of the Mexican revolution, Obregon's "Eight Thousand Kilometers in Campaign," published in 1917, and note the men therein extolled as "revolutionaries," men he trusted and honored, who after proclaiming their principles fervently subsequently took the field against him in complete betrayal of their oaths as soldiers, of their good faith as "revolutionaries" and Mexican citizens. Francisco Murguia, Salvador Alvarado, Manuel Dieguez, Fortunato Maycotte, Antonio Villareal, Enrique Estrada, Guadalupe Sanchez, Firmin Carpio, Romulo Figueroa—all generals in the national army—are but a few of the more prominent out of hundreds. It answers no query to say that these men were scoundrels—though most of them were. Scoundrelism that is so widespread and found in such high places cannot be lightly dismissed, must be regarded as a national disease—which it is—a part of the tragic Mexican legacy. How can one explain such types as Antonio Villareal, a brave insurgent who freely risked his neck in the old Diaz days when to overturn Porfirism seemed a wholly mad and hopeless adventure, but who when not adequately recognized, in his judgment, by the Obregon Government, joined a traitorous revolt against it? Or De la Huerta, than whom the revolution had no more flamboyant or verbose apostle? Apart from the terrific physical harm which such men have been able to do their country they have inflicted the far more serious damage of heaping discredit on the Mexican revolution and giving rise to grave doubts of the good faith of all her revolutionaries.

The mantle of true revolutionary leadership worn by Obregon since 1913 has been handed by him to Calles. Carranza was never a true revolutionary; there is evidence that he would have attacked Madero if Huerta had not beaten him to it. Calles's task, while materially as difficult as Obregon's, is at least easier spiritually, by the added experience of Obregon's four years and the conviction borne in upon him by that experience that the Mexican revolution must "get down to brass tacks," must purge itself of the insincere, the dishonest, the pretenders in its midst. He told me a few days before assuming the Presidency that he considered *that* the real problem of the Mexican revolution.

For it should be made clear that despite all the froth and vituperation that issued from our newspaper editorial columns up to about three years ago, and that now has happily disappeared from all but a very few, the Mexican revolution is not radical. It must not be judged of course by the isolated acts of extremists, or by temporary and local phases it has exhibited here and there, or by certain wholly superficial symptoms. Weighed only by the professions of its most responsible leaders, by the program which has persisted, and which President Calles is now moving to put into effect, just what does its alleged radicalism amount to?

Land reform, education, effective male suffrage, social legislation as embodied in Article 123 of the Constitution of 1917, and the revindication of certain national rights as indicated in Article 27—both of which are still subject to *reglamentacion*, that is, interpretation and enactment into law by the National Congress—such is the extent of the revolutionary program. It *is* radical in a feudal state such as Mexico was until 1910, with chattel slavery existing in parts of the republic, with workers forbidden to organize under pain of death, with over 80 per cent of the population illiterate and denied a chance at self-betterment.

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But it should be and is considered elementary in any civilized country in the twentieth century. In fact there is not a single principle for which the Mexican revolutionaries contend which is not accepted in our own country.

Even in the one measure that seemed to give the character of "social" to the revolution—land reform—the *theory* of procedure has been highly conservative. It has been the application of that essentially American legal doctrine of "eminent domain." The revolutionaries viewed the abolition of vast estates under absentee landlordism and the redistribution of land so that everyone willing to work a small piece could do so as a national necessity; they could have legally decreed wholesale expropriation without indemnification, much as we did by abolishing slavery and under the Eighteenth Amendment. Instead they offered to pay for the lands taken (except for the restored *ejidos* or communal lands) with government bonds at the owner's valuation as shown by his tax returns, plus 10 per cent!

As for Mexican labor its dominant element is now the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana, whose head and leading spirit, Luis N. Morones, is Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor. Its program and that of the government for social legislation—the eight-hour day, seven-hour night, no night work in industry for women and children, six-day week, equal pay regardless of sex, minimum wage, double time for overtime, sanitary working quarters, special dispensation for working mothers just before childbirth and during lactation, etc., is merely progressive and enlightened.

The demand for universal education needs scarcely be defended. The old regimes withheld it from the masses, considering it dangerous, as did the czars for the Russian *mujik*, or the American Southerner for the Negro.

What indeed is there so radical in all this?

But if the programs and aspirations of the revolution are moderate, are indeed but a belated striving for elementary democracy, the *execution* of the program has been of a different character and has quite naturally, therefore, given a very different impression. That this impression may have been given to the outside world is relatively unimportant. What matters is that the Mexicans themselves have suffered bitter and repeated disillusionment, that the fulfilment of the program of redeeming the Mexican people has been delayed, and that the entire country, including all classes, has suffered needlessly.

It is the carrying into effect of the revolutionary program that is President Calles's pledged purpose and task. How he is doing this will be told subsequently.

[*Succeeding articles in this series will deal with the following subjects: Education, Labor, Democracy.*]

The A B C of Relativity

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

II. How Space and Time Are One

THE experimental result which first showed the need of some radical change in fundamental notions was that of Michelson and Morley, two American observers. Light consists of waves, which are supposed to be in the ether. (Nothing is known about the ether except that it transmits waves.) Now the earth moves round the sun in its annual revolution and therefore must be supposed to be moving through the ether. Michelson and Morley devised an apparatus which ought to have revealed the motion of the earth relative to the ether, but to their surprise it failed to do so. They found that, relatively to an observer on the earth, the velocity of light is the same in all directions—300,000 kilometers (about 183,000 miles) in a second. This is equally true at all times of year, although the direction of the earth's motion is always changing as it goes round the sun. When a wave of light is sent out from a place on the earth a man at this place remains always in the center of the wave as it spreads outward, no matter how the earth may be moving.

How odd this is may be seen by an analogy. When a fly touches the surface of a stagnant pool it causes ripples which move outward in widening circles. The center of the circle at any moment is the point of the pool touched by the fly. If the fly moves about over the surface of the pool, it does not remain at the center of the ripples. But if the ripples were waves of light, and the fly were a skilled physicist, it would find that it always remained at the center of the ripples however it might move. And if another fly had touched the water at the same spot at the same moment, it also would find that it remained at the center of the ripples, even if it separated itself widely from the first fly. This *seems* quite impossible. It is not impossible. Einstein's *special* theory of relativity shows how it can happen. But it does require a tremendous reconstruction of our ideas about space and time. Once made, one can see that this reconstruction ought to have been thought of sooner, on general grounds; but in fact only experiment revealed a purely logical error.

Another way of stating the same thing is that the velocity of light is the same relatively to every observer, however he may be moving. This result is quite incompatible with ordinary ideas. If you are walking along a road at four miles an hour, and a motor car passes you going in the same direction at forty miles an hour, its velocity relatively to you is thirty-six miles an hour—in an hour it will be thirty-six miles away from you. If the car meets you, going in the opposite direction, its relative speed is forty-four miles an hour—at the end of an hour it will be forty-four miles away from you. But with regard to light the matter is otherwise; however you may move, if you are walking, or motoring, or flying, if you send a flash out in the direction of your motion, it will travel away from you at exactly the same rate. At the end of a second by your watch it will be 183,000 miles away from you, and it will also be 183,000 miles from a person who met you when it was sent out but was moving in the opposite direction, after a second by his watch—assuming both to be perfect watches. How can this be?

There is only one way of explaining such facts, and that is to assume that watches and clocks are affected by motion. I do not mean that they are affected in ways that could be remedied by greater accuracy in construction; I

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mean something much more fundamental. I mean that if you say an hour has elapsed between two events, and if you base this assertion upon ideally careful measurements with ideally accurate chronometers, another equally precise person, who has been moving rapidly relatively to you, may judge that the time was more or less than an hour. You cannot say that one is right and the other wrong, any more than you could if one used a clock showing Greenwich time and another a clock showing New York time. There is not, in objective nature, anything that can be called the time-interval between two events. Different clocks give different estimates of the time, according to the way they have been moving, and there is no standard by which we can say that one of these clocks is right and the others are wrong.

If velocities not very much smaller than that of light were common in daily life, the difficulties with which the theory of relativity is concerned would have made it impossible to separate space and time, as has hitherto been done. In that case, perhaps scientific physics would never have been discovered, because the human race could hardly have hit upon anything so complicated as Einsteinian physics straight away. It is therefore very fortunate that the speeds of ordinary bodies are not greater than they are. At the speeds attained by bodies large enough to be seen without a microscope the effects upon clocks are too small to be noticed. It is otherwise when we come to such minute objects as β particles, which travel with a velocity very little less than that of light. We cannot put clocks on them, but we can make other observations which show that they behave in the odd ways the Einsteinian theory predicts.

According to the theory of relativity, if two events happen at different times or in different places we cannot say, except with reference to an observer whose motion is specified, that they were separated by such-and-such a distance in space and by such-and-such a lapse of time. Suppose a traveler gets into the train at Kings Cross, goes to sleep, and wakes up ten hours later at Edinburgh. We, from our terrestrial point of view, say that he has traveled 400 miles and has spent ten hours in doing it. But if (as is probable) he started and arrived in a dense fog, so that he could see nothing outside his carriage, he would naturally suppose that he had not moved at all, if it were not for previous experience of trains. On the other hand, an observer in the sun would consider that he had traveled hundreds of thousands of miles owing to the earth's motion. All this is familiar as regards distance: we realize that it depends upon the point of view of the observer when we are concerned with two events that are not simultaneous. But the theory of relativity compels us to say the same thing about lapse of time. If the time was ten hours for the man in the train, it will have been longer for any observer who was moving differently At the speeds that travelers can achieve, even in aeroplanes, the difference in the time would not be noticeable, but at greater speeds it increases without limit as we approach the velocity of light. (Of course the observer allows for the time it takes light to travel.)

To put the matter another way: Suppose you wished to decide whether an event on the earth and an event on the sun had happened at the same time. If you were on a comet moving very rapidly relatively to the earth and the sun, you would form a different estimate (after allowing for the velocity of light) than you would from a terrestrial observatory. We say that it takes light eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth, and, therefore, when we observe any occurrence on the sun, we say that it happened eight minutes before we saw it. But a being on a comet rapidly approaching the sun or rapidly receding from it would form a different estimate, after making all proper allowances and calculations. We cannot say that we are right and he would be wrong; that is merely the parochial prejudice of people living on the earth.

But there is something which *is* objective and the same for all observers. This is what is called the "interval" between two events. If a being could travel at such a velocity as to be present at both events, the "interval" would be what *his* clocks showed as the time between the two events. Nothing can travel faster than light. If light cannot travel quick enough to get from one event to the other, the interval between the two is what would be judged to be their distance in space by an observer to whom they appeared as simultaneous. In the first case the interval is said to be "time-like," in the second "space-like." When the interval is "time-like" there is no ambiguity as to which of the two events is earlier and which later; but when it is space-like some observers will judge the first event to be earlier than the second, others will judge the second to be earlier than the first, and still others will judge them to be simultaneous.

The interval can be calculated when we know the distance and time for any one observer. Take the square of the observed distance and the square of the distance traveled by light in the observed time. Subtract the greater of these two from the smaller; you will then have found a quantity which is the same for all observers and is the square of the "interval." This, therefore, can be taken as having real physical significance, which is not the case for distance and time separately.

All this, however, is the special theory of relativity, which is generalized and somewhat modified by the general theory. It is the general theory that has the supreme merit of explaining gravitation.

[*This is the second of four articles on the Einstein theory of relativity. The first appeared last week. The titles of the third and fourth articles are The Eel and the Measuring Rod and Nature the Anarchist.*]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was looking casually out of a train window recently when his eyes fell upon the chalk-marked, label-patched side of a freight car. In one corner of it stood a mountain goat, head up, eyes calm, balancing easily on a jutting edge of rock. But he was circumscribed by a pitifully narrow circle, his white coat was dingy with the dust of many roadbeds, and one of his curving horns was covered by an impudent yellow label. It was the soiled replica of one of the most vivid pictures in the Drifter's memory, and it carried him swiftly back to his more agile days and a short but glorious climb through Glacier Park. On the map Glacier Park is a tiny square in the northwest corner of Montana; to the Drifter its proportions are tremendous. For four intoxicating days he followed winding trails so little frequented that his head was always wreathed with the silky threads of cobwebs swung between green boughs. He listened, as he walked, to the cool sweet voices of pine-shadowed streams, or paused to watch a young deer cross his path, graceful and unafraid. Twice he felt the

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Continental Divide under his feet. He stopped in the still sunlight of mid-afternoons to bathe excitedly in the cold torrents that rushed across his path. He wondered at the fairylike, primordial green of glacial meadows. More than once, at night, he woke in terror to hear the roar of an avalanche, sustained for moments and then dying away to an awful silence.

* * * * *

IT was on his last regretful evening that the Drifter, craving a farewell fling at glory, set out to conquer one more peak. As he neared the top he stopped to rest. He looked up; and saw outlined against the darkening sky a solitary figure, dim-white and shaggy, with backward curling horns and patriarchal beard. For a moment it stood, seeming to gather to itself and symbolize all the loneliness, the serenity, the strange sadness of those mountains, night-covered and still. Then with a leisurely and simple dignity it took itself off down the other side of the cliff, with a little shifting of rocks that sounded very loud against the deep silence. Returning under a late moon, the Drifter made long vows of a future hermitage. He would get a job as mountain ranger, timber cruiser, wood-cutter, anything that would keep him forever in these untroubled woods. He would be free—free as a mountain goat! He liked the phrase, and said it over many times.

* * * * *

AND he has been saying it over for many years now, until it has become almost a reproach. For the Drifter knows that he will never be a hermit. The world is an ingratiating place—and the Drifter is afflicted with a desire very similar to that of other men—the self-preserving desire for the companionship of other human beings. He will probably never again surprise a pair of cinnamon bears on Gunsight Pass, or follow the delicate tracks of a mountain sheep over the snowbanks along the Garden Wall. He will never again catch his breath at the sight of Going-to-the-Sun as it towers against an early morning sky, or look across from Granite Park to see the snow on Heaven's Peak aflame with sunset. But there are consolations. The Drifter's imagination is not bound by necessities or desires. And in not too frequent hours it can carry him beyond the smoke and noise of cities, can conjure for him white peaks, and mounting trails to beauty, lonely under the stars.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bulgaria's Peasants

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Paul Rowland [see *The Nation* of May 13] will have us believe that 4,000,000 peasants supported the previous regime in Bulgaria. According to his theory, out of 5,000,000 people 80 per cent are peasants who had a peasant for their idol and master; therefore 4,000,000 peasants are revolting against the present Government. He says that the Agrarian Party represents and protects 80 per cent of the people and 10 per cent are left as a meager share to the Democratic Union, the Democrats, Socialists, Liberals, Communists, Radicals, and others. These 4,000,000 peasants and the communists or workmen are oppressed and neglected; therefore they revolt, blow up cathedrals, kill women and children, and try to murder the king.

There are other foreigners, besides the responsible spokesmen of diplomatic chancelleries and public opinion, far better informed than my friend Rowland who know that the peasants, being a large part of the population, are not the monopoly of the Agrarian Party. They know that the Agrarian Union should not be identified with the partisans of the former peasant leader, that this union never acquired absolute supremacy in all villages, and that it has harbored of late a group of office-seekers, former policemen, gentlemen of leisure to be just about educated and refined; all of whom have nothing in common with the peasant, with agriculture, or with democracy at large. And these are the people we are recommended to have as rulers; in fact, one might presume from his article these are *the* Bulgarians!

The truth is that Bulgarian democracy is not represented by one party alone and that the villages are divided among several parties, all of which have strong organizations in the cities also. Consequently, the struggle in Bulgaria today is not against peasants and workmen but it is a struggle against bolshevik anarchy and to keep Bulgaria's existence as a free and independent nation.

New York, May 8 J. P. DOYCHEFF

A Word for the Nordics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been reading an article on You Nordics! by Konrad Bercovici in your number of March 18, and I disagree with him thoroughly.

To begin with, he says that it never occurred to the Jews, Gipsies, Ethiopians, Latins, Chinese, Indians, and so forth, to band themselves together and proclaim their superiority. It did not! Because the race with the power looked down on the race without it. It's human nature, I suppose, and if the Nordics hadn't banded together and declared they were superior, the Latins might have done it, or the Slavs—but they never thought about it.

Mr. Bercovici also says that in the hands of the Nordics Christianity was "robbed of its beauty and mysticism, and became transformed into a financial and social institution of oppression and censure." On the contrary, it was the Latin priests who did the damage. Also, it was the Latins who invented and improved upon instruments of torture, and those same Latins instigated such agreeable things as inquisitions. Not that I'm excusing the Nordics who made use of them.

Mr. Bercovici goes on to say that the Nordics had their astronomy, chemistry, physics, calendars, navigation, gunpowder, and so on given them ready made by non-Nordics. Quite true. They did. And they had enough sense to keep those things and improve upon them. Those who invented them either went to sleep and dropped out of the contest or were wiped off the map. In either case they let the inventions get away from them into alien lands. The Chinese, for instance, invented dynamite. Dynamite is a pretty lively substance, but it didn't keep the Chinese from going to sleep and falling, I don't know how far, behind the rest of the world, and only beginning to wake up again now. Nordics are go-getters. They were slow in "coming up," perhaps, but now they are up they're moving faster.

Then Mr. Bercovici switches off to the subject of happiness. The Nordics, says he, are not truly happy, while Gipsies are. They are the least affected by Nordic standards, morality, etc. He's right! And Nordic cleanliness too! I am no prig, but I do like occasional tubbings and a certain amount of morality. I can have a good time going tramping or swimming or sailing, without becoming a Gipsy, and I can laugh just as easily and joyfully as if I were not a Nordic. And as for professionalizing love and laughter by marriage and comedies—in the former case the professionalizing depends on the couple, and in the latter—the Latins have their comedies too! Also, it is your Nordic who "roughs it"—not your Latin. Your Latin stays in his city and slaves. And if they have les Beaux Arts, we have

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les Beaux Conforts, which speaks more for the general culture of a country—the world is carpeted by grass, not trees!

Mr. Bercovici says the Nordics have won their present place in the world by force, not spirituality. I don't think any nation or race won first place anywhere by spirituality! They got it by all the brute force at their command, and then sacrificed a number of their captives to their gods.

Lausanne, Switzerland, March 24 MARIE WEST

Mr. van Loon's Kind Remarks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am greatly cheered by Mr. van Loon's kind remarks about Lewis Browne's "Stranger than Fiction," his gratitude to Browne for hacking a path through "the tangle of three thousand years of accumulated Talmudic underbrush," and his noble anticipatory defense of Browne from "the man-eating Gelehrten who . . . cannot see the alphabet for the iota."

I am cheered because I know now I can count on Mr. van Loon's approval of my own little venture. Hockins and Huff, Publishers, of which I am president, will issue late this spring a two-volume critical study, "Hendrik Willem van Loon: His Life and Works."

For this important work we have engaged Yankel Schmerel of Woodbury, Connecticut. Yankel never was able to get much beyond the fourth grade in public school, but he was for four years cartoonist for the *Nutmeg Valley Poultry and Cattle Journal* (Waterbury, Connecticut), so his qualifications are indisputable.

An extract from the first chapter: "Hendrix von Lun (Gyp the Blood) was born in Madrid, Sweden, in 1917, and is the natural son of John L. Sullivan and Maude Kallikak by a previous marriage. He was educated at the Newark School for Applied Pediatrics and the Utica Academy for the Blind, converted to Theosophy in 1261 (Treaty of Westphalia), and was a practicing bell-boy, first-class with two palms, in the Hôtel des Invalides for four years, until 1888. He was the author of Milton's 'Prometheus Bound' and numerous other works on horticulture."

There are some awfully cunning cartoons in Schmerel's best manner of van Loon crossing the Delaware and cutting his first wisdom tooth at the age of 108.

Of course, some pedant will object to these facts, but Mr. van Loon knows history is livelier written this way, and I'm sure will defend our Mr. Schmerel for his services in hacking a path through the thick underbrush of the facts of Mr. van Loon's life.

And it's very helpful—and shrewd—of Mr. van Loon to be writing a book on tolerance these days. If Mr. van Loon, Mr. Browne, Yankel Schmerel, and other members of the Bud Fisher school of historiography intend to write much more "history" in their present vein, they are likely to need all the tolerance there is.

New York, May 12 ELLIOT E. COHEN

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International Relations Section

International Trade-Union Unity

THE Anglo-Russian Trade Union Conference held recently in London has issued an "official survey" of the accomplishments of the conference; it is entitled "Joint Declarations of International Unity." This report has received the indorsement of the British and Russian trade-union councils. The following text is reprinted from the London *Times:*

In response to the invitation of the General Council of the British Trades Union Congress, a joint conference was held at the offices of the Council in London on April 6, 7, and 8. The delegates attending the conference as representing the British and Russian trade-union movements were as follows:

All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions.—M. Tomsky, Olga Chernishova, I. I. Lepse, N. P. Glebov-Avilov, V. M. Mikhailov, G. N. Melnichansky (secretary), and V. Y. Yarotsky (interpreter and expert adviser).

British Trades Union Congress General Council.—A. B. Swales, A. A. Purcell, H. Boothman, J. W. Bowen, G. Hicks, E. L. Poulton, W. Thorne, M. P., B. Tillett, Julia Varley, R. B. Walker, Fred Bramley (secretary), and George Young (interpreter and expert adviser). Mr. Swales, president of the British Trades Union Congress, presided.

The conclusions and agreement jointly accepted at this conference represent the most important stage of the progress toward international unity as yet reached in the prolonged triangular negotiations between the Amsterdam International Federation of Trade Unions, the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, and the British Trades Union Congress General Council. The first important step in these negotiations was taken during the International Trade Union Congress at Vienna in June, 1924. The British delegates there opposed the recommendation of the bureau of the International Federation to break off negotiations with the Russian Trade Union movement. After further correspondence the General Council meeting of the International Federation of Trade Unions discussed the matter fully at Amsterdam from February 5 to 7, 1925. The final resolution of this council meeting created difficulties in the way of affiliation of the Russian Trade Union movement to the International Federation of Trade Unions. These difficulties were the subject of direct correspondence between M. Tomsky, president of the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, and Mr. Fred Bramley, the secretary of the British Trades Union Congress General Council. The London conference was convened for the purpose of dealing with these difficulties. This joint conference represented over 6,000,000 trade-union members in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and over 5,000,000 in Great Britain. The delegates attending accepted, in their respective capacities, full representative responsibility and endeavored by an informal conference to arrive at conclusions most likely to promote the principles of international unity.

The Joint Agreement

After long and serious discussion and negotiation and an exchange of documents, an agreement was reached to be recommended to the respective Councils of the Russian and the British trade-union movements. In arriving at these conclusions they were inspired by a fervent desire to promote national and international unity among the workers of all countries, and in the following declaration they place on record their joint opinions regarding the present international situation and the steps which must of necessity be taken in order to protect adequately working-class interests:

1. The Joint Conference affirms that national and international unity must be recognized as the first essential condition to enable the trade-union movement to defend effectively the present position of the workers against attack and to achieve the social and political aims of organized labor, as set forth in the declarations made by the workers of many countries.

2. The political situation in nearly every so-called civilized country is dominated by reaction, and in many countries the increased power of coordinated capitalist interests is evident. This is shown by the continued persecution of leading trade unionists who, in the exercise of class prejudice on the part of employing interests, are suspected, persecuted, thrown into jail, and even tortured by those in power.

3. In the industrial and economic field the capitalists of all countries are forming their united front—a united front for the exploitation of workers all over the world. The workers in the meantime remain divided, and in some countries are formed into antagonistic groups. Instead of being employed in the task of defense against capitalist aggression, they are plunged into bitter quarrels and dissensions.

4. In nearly every country, in consequence of the growing power of the capitalist class and the lack of unity among the workers, advantages gained in the direction of reduced hours of labor and increased wages have been lost. Where the eight-hour day has not been abolished it is imperiled. In many industries the hours of labor have once more reverted to nine, ten, or even more hours per day, and it is only in countries where the trade-union movement is strong that the standard in relation to hours is maintained.

5. Through the economic paralysis of Europe caused by the World War, millions of workers are unemployed and with their families are being driven into the depths of despair, starvation, and degradation. Wages, never sufficient to maintain a decent standard of life for the workers, have been reduced by 20 per cent, 30 per cent, and in some cases over 40 per cent. The standard of living in many countries is now below the pre-war level.

6. The hope of better times, which existed among the workers shortly after the great World War and which they were led by unscrupulous politicians to believe would be the result of their enormous sacrifices, has now disappeared and given place to despair. The pledges of politicians and the promises of capitalists during the war and directly after it have been cynically repudiated. The blind faith that inspired the workers to fight for their respective governments in the universal catastrophe in which millions of their class were killed and maimed has been shattered. After the greatest sacrifices and the severest sufferings they are now faced with little prospect of a better life for the workers.

7. Already it would appear that a new war, more terrible, more monstrous than anything known hitherto is being prepared. New weapons of destruction are being devised: the chemists and scientific thinkers of European countries are devoting their knowledge and skill to the task of inventing new weapons of torture and destruction for use not only against the soldier, but also against the civilian. In the meantime so-called disarmament conferences are merely encouraging dangerous illusions. They are being used to deceive the workers and lull them into a false state of security. But the capitalist politicians and the employing interests are no longer able to hide the fact that new armaments are being built up, greater than before and more deadly.

8. There is but one power that can save mankind from being plunged into another universal catastrophe. There is but one power which can defend the workers of all countries against political and economic oppression and tyranny. There is but one power which can bring freedom, welfare, happiness, and peace to the working class and to humanity. That power is the working class, if well organized, properly disciplined, self-devoted, and determined to fight all who would oppose and prevent its complete emancipation. The working classes, if united nationally and internationally, would constitute an insuperable barrier to capitalist oppression, and an unbreakable bond of peace and economic security. The workers are able to defeat all those who

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by their reactionary tendencies keep the workers divided. So long as the capitalist system continues there is danger of war. The merciless struggle for supremacy between the conflicting vested interests of competing groups of exploiters will, as in the past, eventually provoke a new crisis, plunging the workers of the world into another disastrous war.

Conference with Amsterdam International

For the above reasons the British and Russian Trade Union representatives reaffirm the agreement made in Moscow between representatives of British and Russian organized labor to promote international good-will among the workers as a means of more adequately safeguarding the interests of international peace. As a result of the discussions at this London conference and of the agreement reached there, joint efforts as provided in the procedure laid down in the British declarations will be made to induce the Amsterdam International in all good-will to agree to a free, unconditional, and immediate conference with representatives of the Russian trade-union movement. We also jointly place on record our determination to maintain and weld closer the friendly relations of the British and Russian trade-union movements by taking such joint action as is provided for in the arrangements annexed herewith. The representatives of the British and Russian trade-union movements herewith declare their intention to do what they can by joint means to bring about international unity. The need and importance of international unity are recognized by millions of organized workers throughout the world. Their cooperation in the task of removing racial prejudices, artificial barriers, and economic obstructions to their joint development is assured. Knowing that unity brings power, we are convinced that the workers of all countries, joining hands across the frontiers, will work together to secure their emancipation.

The mottoes to be inscribed on our international banner must continue to be the following: "Workers of the world, unite!" and "Long live a world-wide federation of trade unions!"

Proposals for Mutual Aid

To give effect to the proposals for joint action for the purpose of promoting international unity by the All-Russian Trade Union Council and the General Council of the British Trades Union Congress, the representatives attending this conference made the following declarations:

1. It will be our aim to promote cooperation between the British Trades Union Congress General Council and the All-Russian Trade Union Council in every way that may be considered from time to time advisable, for the purpose of promoting international unity.

2. For this purpose we agree that facilities should be provided for a free exchange of documents between the trade-union movements of Russia and Great Britain, including the collection of copies of trade-union business documents showing the rules and regulations of British unions, the system of state insurance and unemployment insurance, contributions and benefits, the keeping of trade-union accounts, systems of local and district organization, methods of appointing trade-union officials, and other general information or special documents dealing with the structure of trade-union machinery, and the general policy of trade-union organization and control.

3. To arrange for an exchange of memoranda on special subjects of mutual interest with a view to joint discussions regarding important principles such as may be from time to time considered necessary.

4. As opportunities are provided, a further extension of joint contacts may be devised for the purpose of developing the closest possible mutual aid between the two countries.

5. For the purpose of dealing with any questions which may arise in connection with the objects outlined in previous paragraphs and of dealing with special emergencies, a joint advisory council representing the Russian and the British trade-union movements should be established, consisting of the chairmen and secretaries of both bodies, together with three members each of the All-Russian Trade Union Council and the British Trades Union Congress General Council.

6. For the purpose of operating the joint machinery the representatives of the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions agree to create an international committee of their council corresponding to the international committee of the British Trades Union Congress General Council.

Contributors to This Issue

John Collins has been connected with technical and business journals.

Bertrand Russell, English physicist and philosopher, will give *The Nation* two more interpretations of Einstein's theory of relativity, to appear in the next two issues.

Ernest Gruening, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, editor of *La Prensa* in New York, etc., is concluding a long visit in Mexican government circles.

Freda Kirchwey is managing editor of *The Nation*.

Sherwood Anderson is the author of "Winesburg, Ohio," "Many Marriages," "A Story-Teller's Story," etc.

Edwin Muir is the author of "We Moderns" and "Latitudes." His volume, "First Poems," has recently been published in England and America.

Talbot Faulkner Hamlin is a New York architect.

George Sterling of San Francisco has published thirteen volumes of verse, of which the latest is "Truth."

Mark Van Doren, literary editor of *The Nation*, has written a book on modern literature in collaboration with Carl Van Doren, to be published in the fall.

John A. Hobson is a British writer on economic subjects and contributing editor of *The Nation*.

Genevieve Taggard, author of "For Eager Lovers," has come to New England from Hawaii and California.

Luther E. Robinson is professor of English at Monmouth College.

Stuart Chase is an economist and statistician, now connected with the Labor Bureau.

Donald Douglas is a lecturer in English at Columbia University and author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

Harry Elmer Barnes is professor of historical sociology at Smith College.

Felix Grendon is the author of "Nixola in Wall Street," and other novels.

Melville J. Herskovits is an anthropologist engaged in an extended study of variability under racial crossing.

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Among our guests, such persons as Mr. Louis Untermeyer, Edgar E. Robinson, F. Luis Mora, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Mme. Helen Teschner-Tas, Sara Teasdale, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, C. Bertram Hartman, B. W. Huebsch, Suzanne La Follette, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, William and Marguerite Zorach, Mary Ellis, Frank Alvah Parsons, Babette Deutsch, W. E. Woodward, Ernest Gruening, Lee Simonson, Sidney Howard, Clare Eames, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Beard, George Ochs Oakes, Irwin Edman, Mark and Carl Van Doren, Freda Kirchwey, George Soule, Joseph and Edward Anthony, Stephen Rathbun, Philip Moeller, B. Russell Herts, Anita C and S. John Block, James Henle and Janet Beecher have attested to the qualities which give this spot the atmosphere of a home—with all its comforts and none of its responsibilities.

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The Nation

Vol. CXX, No. 3127 WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1925

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Summer Book Section

Living in America*

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE problem of living in America just now and having left, after the business of making a living is taken care of, something extra to go into creative work is largely a matter of reserve nerve force. In my own time and since my own boyhood ordinary American life has changed so much, has been so speeded up, that to walk about nowadays in the streets of an American city, having a certain impersonal quiet place inside, so that life and the drama of life may be taken in and register, requires, for me at least, a special technique.

However, having that, having it sometime in hand, is there another country in the world where so much can happen that is exciting, amusing, and provocative to the story-teller? The story-teller is not up to the business of changing life or reforming it, he is not trying to entertain, amuse, or lull to sleep, at least not primarily. He is after stories and the telling of stories, and often enough the grim or the tragic phases of life, as they float up to him, catch and fire his fancy as much or more than the milder, softer phases. Why question America as a place for the story-teller or for any other kind of creative workman? If the job is too much for him, if life is too complex and difficult for him to see and feel clearly, that is his failure and not the failure of the civilization out of which he must get his materials if he is to get them at all. And the whole story of the swift, sudden changes in life here, the drive, the rush, the lost sense of values in the modern industrial world, the necessary loss of sensibilities too—is that not a story?

What I want for myself, that I may see and feel it all, is just sufficient reserve nerve force—nothing else. Given that it is my job as a story-teller to see and feel the story, to take it inside myself, digest and build my story or stories out of all this rushing, hurriedly-thrown-together pell-mell of things that is modern life.

Well, I have set myself that job. And I do not want to join the chorus of men who cry out against modern life. What has life to do with the workman anyway? It is his job to look out for himself. I have little or no sympathy with the man who declares that the creative workman is unappreciated here. He is too much appreciated. Favors are flung at him on all sides. Never did so much second-class work get so much praise or so much substantial support in any civilization I ever heard anything about; and as for good work, I believe it is no longer possible for good work to pass unnoticed here. The body of our criticism is pretty sound after all. And I think that conditions for the creative workman in any of the arts here in America are—as far as the mere business of making a living is concerned—too good. Those of us scribblers who have the knack at all of catching the fancy of the big general public or of impressing them may, if we choose, live the lives of bankers and brokers. For the poet or the painter the road is perhaps harder and longer, but why should not the road be hard? A workman in any of the arts surely gets something from his work which other men do not get. That, I take it, is why he is a creative workman. If he cannot get something from his work which will compensate him for not having an automobile and a troop of servants, let him go out and be a banker or broker. There would be a kind of health in that kind of honesty in any event.

Survival comes down, then, to a question of nerve force. Often I have thought that the whole question of whether any American workman can go through the long apprenticeship which good craftsmanship inevitably requires—whether or not he can manage to make a living while keeping a part of his nerve force for creative work—is largely a matter of physical stamina.

Take, for example, my own case. I have published nine books and my work as a writer has received critical attention. My books do not sell in large quantities. Very well! Until two years ago I made my living by writing advertisements. Now I am trying to live by my pen and by the proceeds of a few lectures delivered during the winter months.

For many years, then, I went on writing, doing on the side other things than writing to support myself. As a young man, and before I became a writing man, I tried to build up in myself an enthusiasm for another kind, perhaps a more conventional kind, of work. I plunged into business, tried as hard as I could to make money. It wasn't in me. The effort only promised to make me a nervous wreck, and so, when I gave it up, I gave up also the notion of money-making. If I did not intend to give people what they thought they wanted, why should they bother about me, was what I had to ask myself.

Being naturally a rather easy-going, lazy sort of man, I quite consciously tried to build up in myself another way of life. For a number of years I had rather rushed about, my speech had become quick and sharp, and I had dived madly in and out among automobiles, rushed into offices, ridden on fast trains, and tried with all my heart and soul to make of myself a good go-getter. It wouldn't work. I really wanted to be a story-teller, a scribbler, I fancy. Then I began to write. But as a scribbler I found my days as a go-getter had set up habits in me that were destructive to myself as a workman. How many stories I spoiled because I tried to hustle them, tried to bang them through by main force! My workmanship went to pieces—the story, the trail of which I had picked up, had not been allowed to mature in me. It was leaky, full of holes, and always for the same reason—the tale had not been felt through because I, the go-getter, had tried to hustle it.

But this hurry, this driving, rushing neurotic thing that was now playing the very devil with the only work I had ever undertaken honestly or had cared anything about was in me. It had become a part of my physical life. I had made it that. Very well, I had to make a change if I could. I began. For months I worked at that job in the city of

* This is the third of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene O'Neill, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin and Theodore Dreiser have hitherto contributed.

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Chicago. For two or three years I really worked at nothing else. I had to go from one place to another, and I took myself in hand. Was there any reason why I had to be at the new place in five minutes rather than in fifteen?

Surely not. I made myself stroll rather than rush. The old half-slovenly drawl in my speech which I had rather liked as a boy began to come back. That helped too. How amusing! Now even in the writing of advertisements, a job I detested, I did better work; but the men by whom I was employed were annoyed. One by one they spoke to me. "Don't! Don't drawl that way! Hurry! Always try to give the impression that you are going somewhere on a very important mission," they said. My slow drawling speech also bothered. I'm afraid I did not much care.

For myself it was working out, I thought, rather well. Now I saw a thousand things in every street I had not seen when I hustled along. Hundreds of little by-plays of life I had been overlooking now popped up everywhere, along the streets, in offices, in houses. As I could not do much talking when I talked slowly I heard more talk from the lips of others. Perhaps I began to learn a little.

I was, I fancy—in the only way I knew how—repairing my shattered nerves, nerves shattered by the hurly-burly of life, by the rush of all modern American life. And as I did this, as my technique for doing it became more a part of me, I began to look about more, began really to enjoy living. My stories, I thought, got a little fuller and rounder, they had more body to them.

As for the whole question of whether or not it is possible to live the creative life in America, here and now, why not? Surely there are plenty of stories here. And if there is little good story telling it is not the fault of life. Life does not deeply change because you ride in an automobile at thirty miles an hour rather than walk at three; and if it does, and you cannot get at life from the seat of an automobile, why not get out and walk?

Life in America is, I fancy, just what life has been in every age, only perhaps more complex and difficult to get at because we story-tellers try to go so fast. And for that matter, may it not well be that the stories we try to pick up and tell are really made more dramatic and interesting by the very speeding-up process inevitable in our hurried mechanical age? At any rate, there is the situation. A thousand new sounds, sights, smells, impacts are whipping away at the nerves in every modern American center of life.

The American who tries to escape by running off to live, say in Europe, is putting himself out of it altogether. To get at the story he has got to stay where the story is. The artist cannot change life. That isn't his job. He has got to paint it, write it, sing it—and to do that he has got to be in it and a part of it, with its rhythm in his blood.

From my own point of view it comes back to what I started with in this effort to say something about the position of the creative workman in American life. If the workman has some reserve force he will pull through and perhaps do some good work. If he has none he will have to find out for himself a technique of building it up in the midst of the clatter. For until he gets it, until the workman gets into a position where the constantly growing intensity of modern life does not use up all of his inner force in merely getting through his day, he will have nothing to give to his work. The creative workman who has nothing to give is, of course, not creative at all.

Lytton Strachey*

By EDWIN MUIR

"THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY," said Mr. Strachey in the preface to "Eminent Victorians," "seems to have fallen on evil times in England. . . . With us, the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing has been relegated to the journeyman of letters: we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one. Those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design?" The judgment passed there on biography might as justly have been passed on the main branch of modern literature, the novel. There too could have been found "ill-digested masses of material," a "slipshod style," a "lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design." The novel had lost its autonomy, its inner center, and the laws springing from that which determine aesthetic form. It had lost its own laws, and sought laws outside itself, in the subject matter which it treated, in political and moral concepts. The result was that it ceased to be an aesthetic phenomenon and became very largely a social one. Anything whatever could be called a novel which treated of manners, just as anything whatever could be called a biography which gave information about a personality. It was Mr. Strachey's distinction in reinstating biography as an art to draw attention to the formlessness of literature generally. He did this in common with writers very unlike him, for whom he could have little sympathy: with such writers as Mr. Joyce and Mr. Eliot. Progress in literary appreciation is very slow; but now at any rate it is becoming less general to judge a novel by its subject matter, or a biography by the industry of the biographer.

In his attempt to capture biography for art Mr. Strachey started with an immense advantage over the novelist; for biography was neither regarded as an art nor expected to be one. His problem was admirably simple, and his success correspondingly clear and unmistakable. "Eminent Victorians" was a demonstration more victoriously obvious than anyone could have produced in the confused field of fiction of the difference between art and the immense body of writing which is not art. It provided almost immediately a new criterion for the judgment of biography. People were suddenly dissatisfied with the biographer in the old style who avoided with equal skill tragedy and comedy, actual and artistic truth. And they appreciated anew the excellence of art when they found it in such an unexpected place.

In "Eminent Victorians" Mr. Strachey did two things for biography: he humanized it by irony, he gave it form. He went out in search not of great figures and noble characters but of human nature, and he always found it. Having found it he set it out in his own terms. All of his characters passed through his eighteenth-century workshop and emerged in the ironically appropriate costumes he had devised for them. They emerged, if not in their own shape then in some shape which revealed it. For the time being

* This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with the younger authors of today who are becoming established. Essays will follow on T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, and others.

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their author's puppets, they played over again the game which they had played far more intensely, sometimes in tears and agony, in the actual world. Mr. Strachey held the strings which moved this puppet play, and they were constantly being manipulated; but very rarely did we catch sight of them. The figures seemed to be going through the ballet of their own lives, a ballet simplified and stylized to the last detail; and it was only in the conventionalization of the costumes and attitudes that one recognized the choreographer.

There was drama in that spectacle, but it was a drama which had taken place a long time before, and existed now only as a memory and a conscious play. The figures remembered for the hundredth time when they had to make such and such a gesture, when they had to laugh, weep, show lively apprehension, anticipation, repentance, doubt, affection. They did not feel; they only imitated the passions, sorrowful or happy, which happened to come their way in the game.

It is this effect of distance and illusion which gives Mr. Strachey's work its rare poetic quality and makes him a distinguished artist. He writes in two moods: the consciously ironical in which he satirizes the pretensions and hypocrisies of men, and the involuntarily ironical in which he sees the drama of existence as a transitory, illusory thing which has happened so often that it has now only an apparent reality. Only where his deliberate irony is quiescent does this more profound irony come into play. His portrait of Arnold of Rugby, for example, is excellent satire; but his portraits of Manning, Florence Nightingale, and Victoria are something more. "Queen Victoria" was commended for being less ironical than "Eminent Victorians," but the truth was that in it Mr. Strachey's irony had only released the lesser themes of the satirist to seize upon life itself. With the abrogation of his conscious gift for ironical presentation the true bias of his profoundly ironical mind was revealed, and the complete compass of his imagination released.

The strange thing is that through this irony he arrived, without formulating them, at conclusions not unlike those of men for whom one can detect in his works no sympathy: the metaphysicians, mystics, and saints. For life as Mr. Strachey portrays it is an illusion; he can portray it as nothing else; and his work is most profound precisely where the sense of illusion is most unmistakably given: where he shows Manning mounting the little back stair at the Vatican or walking in state to Westminster; where he describes the distant and tiny figure of Gordon, standing on the toy ramparts of Khartum gazing over a desert which only to him is illimitable; where he records the remote sorrows, domestic and state, of the little woman who sat on England's throne. We remember the incidents in his books which destiny seems to be arranging for their unconscious effect: Newman weeping outside the house at Littlemore, Disraeli bearing flowers to the Queen. These incidents, trivial or moving, have a significance almost symbolical, as if in them the complete essence of a character were expressed. If a choreographer of genius were to put these characters in a ballet he would fix them in precisely the postures Mr. Strachey has fixed them in. And a mystic would do the same. On the life of this world a complete skepticism and a profound mysticism may come to the same conclusions.

For the rarefied drama of his biographies Mr. Strachey has a style in appearance artificial but in essence transparently simple, with the arresting simplicity, once more, of the ballet. It has been called an eighteenth-century style, but it is something far more rare, an echo of the eighteenth century, with a remoteness, a complete lack of matter of fact, of which the eighteenth century did not dream. At his best this style gives his work an impressive feeling of distance; at his second-best it serves both to temper and emphasize his irony: very seldom does it ring false. It is a perfect means when he is writing of Manning or of anyone else who has lived a great number of times in history, and, always suffering from the same scruples, has always done the same things for the satisfaction of the same ambitions. These men, who are regularly recurring historical figures rather than persons, Mr. Strachey's style seems made for; its conventionalization and ceremoniousness seem to generalize every manifestation of human nature, to show in the particular act the invariable form to which it belongs, and in every attempt to disobey a disguised conformity. One sometimes feels that in Mr. Strachey's mind there is a mathematical formula for certain types; for Manning, for example, and Arnold, and Victoria. When these recur in history they will inevitably do certain things and deceive themselves about them in certain ways; and Mr. Strachey's intellectual pleasure is to perch them for a moment on the fence, knowing mathematically on which side they must fall. The drama of his characters is in moments like these, which seem to be free, but are not. He is interested in the norm, and while he enjoys deviations from it his main pleasure is in the inevitable return from the deviation. He is delighted by the things which always manage to happen, against every probability but the chief one.

He succeeds with the rule; he does not always succeed with the exception. His Manning is admirable; his Gordon is unconvincing. For the exception is a man who avoids those universally symbolical gestures which fit so well the historical figure. He is a man who seeks not worldly success but something else, and to whom comes not success or resignation but tragedy. He can leave a symbolical formula only for the poet, not for the biographer. Gordon was bound to play havoc with the delicate, resourceful, but essentially limited technique of "Eminent Victorians." There are admirable things in Mr. Strachey's sketch of Gordon, but never does one feel that he puts his finger on the inner spring of Gordon's actions. Gordon did not suit him as a subject, simply because he could not believe in the things in which Gordon believed, and could not understand a sincere belief in them. To others who "believed" but whose spring of action was not their belief—to Victoria, Manning, Arnold—he showed understanding and sympathy. For hypocrisy is a genuine manifestation of that human nature which the wise man tolerates and enjoys; and to a touch of nature Mr. Strachey will pardon anything. But Gordon was not a man demanding toleration, and one feels that Mr. Strachey was a little nonplussed by him. He would not be human in Manning's way. He upset the mathematical formula.

Yet he is perhaps the only figure in Mr. Strachey's gallery to whom he has been unjust; for impartiality is one of Mr. Strachey's chief virtues. Every stroke of irony in his books is weighed not for its effectiveness but for its justice; and accordingly every stroke tells. He conventionalizes his themes, certainly; he expresses them in terms of

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his eighteenth-century intellect and his modern imagination; but he does not falsify them. He gains more in effect by ignoring an obvious advantage than Mr. Philip Guedalla, for example, gains by seizing it. He has the eighteenth-century instinct for the judgment which can be reasonably defended, and the eighteenth-century knowledge that an inessential piece of cleverness is always foolish, for it will be found out. A witty writer, there is very little of his wit that can be detached without detaching a valuable piece of characterization or injuring a perfectly serious judgment.

He seems at first glance to be completely outside the current of modern literature; a clever writer calls him a Voltaire who has reached the age of two hundred-odd years. There is little resemblance between the author of "Queen Victoria" and that of "La Pucelle." Mr. Strachey's sensibility is modern; his imagination is romantic; only by his cool rationality does he belong to the eighteenth century. His "Cardinal Manning" and "Queen Victoria" would have appeared very novel if not quite incomprehensible to Dr. Johnson; their skeptical imagination and compassionate irony would have disturbed the lexicographer's mind. The truth is that Mr. Strachey has a very modern temperament and sensibility, and that he would be more completely at a loss than a dozen other writers if he were transported into the eighteenth century. If he appears somehow out of place in our time it is not because his intelligence is not modern; it is because his temperament is unique. He is an inimitable writer, but he belongs as certainly to this age as Lamb did to his.

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue

By TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

THE life of Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue seemed in a thousand ways to fit perfectly into his talents, seemed again and again almost voluntarily to shape itself so as to bring out the greatest that was in him. To the great loss of modern architecture, he died before his time. But he began younger than most of his fellows, and he lived long enough to give an entirely new emphasis to the architecture of his country.

He was enabled to achieve this by two things: the force of his own driving passion for beauty and his alert sensitiveness to the culture of his time. So gifted, he could never become either the ape of the fashionably pretty or the typical bitter and futile rebel against the conventions that surrounded him. He was one of those men living in a transitional age who are able not only to express but to lead; he expressed the best, and the strength of his genius led him beyond his generation into that expression of timeless ideals which is the essence of prophecy.

After years of youthful study with Renwick he entered the profession of architecture in 1891, as a member of the firm of Cram and Wentworth. It was a moment of tremendous and vivid life in American architecture; the early efforts of McKim, Mead and White, of Richard Hunt, of Richardson were bearing their fruit; knowledge was growing; popular taste was becoming more trained; the ideals of the pseudo "Queen Anne" period had received their death-blow. It was a time when growing archaeological knowledge and growing taste, coupled with a dearth of vital tradition, led inevitably to style revivalism; and with Goodhue a long training under one of the most sensitive and careful of the older school of Gothicists, Renwick, was crowned by his entry into a firm whose Gothic work was—and is, under its later name of Cram, Goodhue, and Ferguson—justly famous.

But the strict accuracies of a traditional Gothicism could never bind Goodhue's imagination. He early entered the field of illumination, of type and page design, and for ten years this was his chief hobby. And, as if intoxicated by freedom from the strict demands of structure and style, his imagination ran decorative riot, filling exquisite borders with gracious and complex intricacies of black and white, changing the hair lines and obvious rectangles of type into flowing, sure, accented forms full of subtle strength. Page after page of missals, special editions, title sheets, example after example of bookplates, monograms, tail-pieces, ornaments came from his hand, not only enriching the history of modern American typography but also, through the discipline of meticulous black and white, giving Goodhue himself a training in the use and composition of ornament, in the delight of small scale and free curve—the effects of which are evident in the stalls and organ of St. Thomas's Church, in the Byzantinesque arabesques in the little corner door at St. Bartholomew's, or in the intricate ironwork of some of the screens at St. Vincent Ferrer's.

Yet this delight in detail never made him small-minded. A large and glamorous romanticism prevented that. Drawing after drawing of his is filled with the sense of sun and windy spaces; there is a large sketch of a castellated house set picturesquely on a craggy Westchester hilltop, made as late as 1915, which is full of dreamlike coolness and distance and vitality. A little man with his sense of ornamentation might have been content to design charming bookplates or missal borders all his life; a little man with his romanticism might have slid over into artistic sentimentality with little effort (certain of his early drawings seem rather near the verge themselves); but the greatness which enabled him to possess both qualities was a barrier against either danger. He was bound by the logic of his own character, his own creative drive, to harmonize this dual nature.

Goodhue found this harmony of structure, of romantic creation, and of decorative richness only too short a time before his death. He found it by reducing architecture to the simplest terms. He forgot the trammels of "style." Not the knowledge, not the stimulus of historic styles—that remained always; but the demands of fashionable adherence. Nor did he let himself be bound by the equally rigid demands of fashionable or unfashionable modernism. He had too much beauty to create to waste energy on being "original"; he was never eccentric in character or design.

This effort toward freedom of style shows early. It shows in the Intercession Chapel in numberless little freedoms of detail; in St. Bartholomew's it has resulted in a sort of glorious and triumphant failure. There, with McKim, Mead and White's magnificent porch as a starting-point, Goodhue began to use pure form and surface texture in a new way. There is, in the front, much use of slightly inclined wall planes to give vertical shadows that die out as they approach the bottom. There is a free use of simple expressions of the controlling idea of tracery. There is warmth and color in the materials, a living variety. And yet the whole is not completely successful; like many expressions of early stages in transition, certain innovations seem artificial mannerisms, and the studied variety in wall

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materials, however charming, lacks the structural directness and simplicity that characterize the best work of Goodhue.

But in the competitive design for the Kansas City War Memorial all of this tentative character is gone. In that design not the Gothicist or the classicist or the modernist speaks, but only the creator. In its piled majesty there is no dictation of forms by a priori styles. Rather, the free classic details flow naturally from the mass. It is the mass composition that dominates; a mass conceived with a tremendous sense of climax, so that the whole has an austere and tragic emotionalism characteristic only of very great art. The conception, unfortunately, was too great for the judges; it took liberties with the program, and another design was awarded first place. Yet that design of Goodhue's is a climactic point in American architecture; here for the first time was revealed complete freedom and mastery of style. Before it even the best American architecture had been preeminently stylistic; after it came a growing liberty, of which the Hotel Shelton, by Arthur L. Harmon, is a typical instance. And in the late work of Goodhue this pure type of imaginative creation is the continual and dominating master passion. It shows in the simple buttressed shapes and surface ornament of his competitive design for the Chicago Tribune Building; in the fresh classicism of the Washington Academy of Sciences. It reached its most adult and powerful expression in the Nebraska State Capitol, now taking form, and in the still unrealized design for a memorial chapel for Chicago University, where Gothic tradition is revitalized and made truly ours.

One wonders exactly how this spirit of freedom took form and grew in Goodhue. It came first, I believe, from his continual alertness to beauty of any kind. To him, the trained Gothicist, the meticulous designer of intricate black and white, there was granted sudden contact with the luxurious, dramatic richness of Mexican churches during a visit to Mexico in 1893—a visit often repeated. And he made a trip through Persia with a client, Mr. Gillespie, in 1903. The one experience set him studying the decorative power of the Baroque, and started forces in him that reached full expression only in the colored tiles and scintillating doorways of his buildings for the San Diego Exposition; the other, filling his mind with new forms of Oriental decoration, not only tiled the courts of the Gillespie California house, and brought water and color indoors—as in its lovely conversation room—but also made possible those little sketches of Persian gardens, real and imaginary, which, in their mingling of accuracy and romance, of small-scale detail and large vision, are so strikingly characteristic. How could a man so sensitive to differing and sometimes contradictory beauties remain long a stylist?

Freedom from the bonds of a style at once brought with it other significant developments. It made Goodhue look more and more to sculpture and painting as the true ornament of a building. No longer could ornament issue by the mile from the hands of a merely competent draftsman and modeler; something more was necessary. In this development Mr. Goodhue was assisted remarkably by his cooperation with the sculptor Lee Lawrie, to whom more and more the working out of little decorative details was yielded. Only by a true sculptor, working freely, yet in closest cooperation with an understanding architect, could have been produced the friezes and the *neo-Grec* ornament of the Academy of Sciences, or the bison pylons and the great figures of the Nebraska Capitol.

The other development is even more important. It was Goodhue's growing realization that the great problem of modern architecture is the relation of architect to structural engineer. Architecture, to realize its vast opportunities today, must not only absorb engineering, not only use it to make its dreams; it must make of the engineering itself, girders and columns and even pipe spaces and what not, a means to new beauty. And it is a realization of this which makes the designs for the interior of the National Academy of Sciences, for the Nebraska Capitol, and for the new Los Angeles Public Library unique. In them Goodhue has reduced architecture to its elements—beautiful structure. No more for him the bird-cage of wire lath hung from extraneous beams, and plastered to ape bygone glories. No longer a structure dictated by economic necessity (death to creation, and productive only of dull cubical boxes). It is determined by aesthetic necessity. In great room after great room Goodhue gives us walls, floors, and ceilings in which the real girders supporting what is above are not only expressed but by careful proportion made into elements of beauty. And so, through the study of concrete forms, he brought back something of the grand simplicity of fifteenth-century Italian interiors; something of the direct beauty of the Davanzati Palace. It only remained for him to bring into the whole the color which his imagination saw glowing over it all. Let us hope that America may produce mural decorators worthy of the opportunity he has given them. Thus, just as style freedom led him inevitably into cooperation with sculpture, so his profound grasp of engineering, his profound love of sincerity, and his passion for beauty led him inevitably to a realization of the necessity for painting in any complete building.

The story of the Los Angeles Library illustrates the magnificent integrity of the man. Following the enormous success of his San Diego Exposition buildings, Goodhue was engaged to design a great Public Library for Los Angeles. The design was conceived in the exuberant Mexican Renaissance of the Exposition buildings, and complete working drawings of the conception were made. Then the whole scheme was postponed because of an adverse economic situation. When the building scheme was resurrected only two years ago, an ordinary architect, even an ordinary architect of talent, would merely have sent out the old drawings and reserved what new ideas he had for future use. Not so Goodhue. He abandoned the original plans entirely, and made a complete new design in harmony with the ideas of style and structure which he had achieved in the meanwhile. Gone were the broken pediments, twisted columns, and angular scrolls of the Spanish Renaissance. Instead there was a building of great plain surfaces, accented at just the right points with sculpture—ranked figures rising from pylons, richness around the door; austerity, dignity, dramatic climax; walls, doors, windows, sculpture; and within great, simple, beautifully proportioned rooms brilliant with color—pure architecture; yet all without a trace of the bizarre or the merely eccentric.

So in the Nebraska State Capitol and in this Library American architecture has come of age. In them it has mastered and absorbed its traditions, and mastered its engineering. In some such manner as theirs, and in some such direction as that to which they point, will great American architecture inevitably develop.

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Books

Seismos

By GEORGE STERLING

White altar! White altar!
You that lift me near to Heaven—
How exquisite is your marble!

White altar! White altar!
What earthquake rends you?
By what god are you shaken?

White altar! White altar!
What raptures possess you,
That your foundations cry aloud?

White altar! White altar!
You that take the perilous gift—
Shall new life come from your marble,
As young waters from a fountain?

White altar! White altar!
What peace is upon you,
You that lie broken and beautiful!

First Glance

"IF we seize upon American criticism of today we shall perceive, in large part, a series of shallow rationalities, a puffery of the inessential, a confused scribbling about morality, a blathery defense of slapstick emotionalism, a projection of a *new* approach that antedates Goethe, onslaughts on the business man's psychology, sedate apologies for traditions, archaeological remnants of deceased social epochs, denunciations of psychological and historical aesthetics, vain retreats to Horace and Aristotle, all subsidized by a wealth of allusion and imagery but a paucity of insight and analysis." I recently began a review of I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literary Criticism" by quoting from it a sentence very similar to this one from V. F. Calverton's "The Newer Spirit" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50). The similarity is not accidental, for both Mr. Richards and Mr. Calverton are bent upon elevating literary criticism to the dignity of a science. Both are weary of impressionism, of moralism, and—like T. S. Eliot for a different reason—of "applied poetry." Both seek a technique of judgment which shall be objective and quantitative. But whereas Mr. Richards retreated to psychology for his criterion and his method, Mr. Calverton retreats, with only an incidental use of psychology, to sociology.

Mr. Calverton claims in his subtitle to be offering "A Sociological Criticism of Literature." I prefer to say that he has offered a sociological interpretation of literary history. For in so far as he is scientific at all—and he is undoubtedly that in spirit—he manages to throw light only upon the evolution of literary subject matter and upon changes in the literary audience. He does not, I think, convince in the matter of values. Mr. Richards was weak at precisely that point, and I suspect that every "scientific" theory of criticism must be hopeless there. The impersonal critic of Mr. Calverton's choice will be able to say many things about a given book; he will be able to come at it from every conceivable or inconceivable angle. I cannot hear him, however, saying what the book is; I cannot imagine him having interesting ideas as to whether it is good or bad. To do these things one must be something of an artist as well as something of a scientist. Mr. Calverton does excellent work as historian, psychologist, and sociologist. His analysis of the shift from aristocratic to bourgeois ethics and aesthetics which took place in the eighteenth century is sound, as is his analysis of the still newer proletarian point of view. His explanation of the rise of realism, like his description of its technique, is shrewd and useful. But when he has said that a book will be alive in its generation only if it is comprehensible to that generation—we knew this before—he seems to be done. I should never trust the scientist in him to decide which among all of the comprehensible books today is the most worthy of comprehension. Scientists record and report; they do not evaluate.

As a matter of fact, the instinctive man in Mr. Calverton has chosen to celebrate in Sherwood Anderson a most worthy author. But what as a critic does he do with Mr. Anderson? Not much more, I am afraid, than any scientist turned loose on literature would do. After he has proved that "Winesburg, Ohio" was written in the twentieth century instead of the twelfth or the nineteenth he contents himself with phrases—"vividness of illusion," "compelling simplicity," "intimacy of characterization," "elegance of structure," "high poetic value"—that belong to the infancy of criticism; and once, even, he becomes impressionistic. Speaking of "Many Marriages," he informs his fellow-scientists that "A cool, lucid beauty characterizes many of the descriptions, and the whole book exudes a clean, naked odor like that of flesh just emerging from the waters of a rain-washed lake."

MARK VAN DOREN

A Prince of Wales

King Edward VII: A Biography. By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company. $8.

KING EDWARD VII was neither a great man nor a particularly good man. But he had a combination of qualities which won for him a growing popularity among almost all classes of his countrymen. He had tact, common sense, bonhomie, was genuinely interested in all sorts of people and external matters, and picked up in his conversation and travels a large body of loose information which enabled him to talk intelligently with strangers. Apart from the functions of his high position, which he seems to have performed not only conscientiously but with zest, his chief personal interests lay in the fields of sport, gaming, the theater, and the lighter forms of social intercourse. He had a limited but independent mind, pushed with considerable persistence to get his way, but bore no resentment when circumstances (which often meant his Queen Mother) were too strong for him. As we read the opening chapters of this first volume of Sir Sidney Lee's biography, which brings the story up to Edward's accession to the throne, we feel a certain admiration for the grit which the boy displayed in evading the persistent efforts of his father to press him into the mold of a philosopher-king by directing his studies, forming his tastes, imparting funds of knowledge, and utilizing every hour of the day to some serviceable educational end. Mr. Strachey gave us a more or less favorable portrait of Prince Albert as a high-minded, far-sighted, and richly cultivated man. But, seen from the parental angle, he figures as prig, pedant, and martinet, seeking to impose his will in meticulous rules for the forma-

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tion of his son's character and resentful of his failure to make the lad into a lover of book-learning and a grave devotee of the sciences. Luckily the young prince inherited obstinacy from both parents, and, while observing the forms of obedience, set himself to defeat the parental purpose in detail.

Deprived of all free intercourse with boy companions, not even learning to play cricket or football, this boy, in stock three-quarters German and prattling German with his brothers and sisters in the nursery, quite early in his adult life not only threw off these alien influences (retaining only through life a slight German accent) but managed to transform himself into a magnificent British bourgeois. This was the very best thing he could do in an age marked by the new ascendancy of the bourgeois class in political and social life. His mother, who, after the fortunate demise of his father when he was nineteen, took on the pious duty of carrying on the paternal code of discipline, was much distressed at the sort of friends he made among tradesmen, actors, Jews, and members of the racing world. This disappointment was, doubtless, in part responsible for her churlish refusal to let him take to the social and political duties which she, after the death of the Prince Consort, steadily persisted in refusing to fulfil.

The active career of the Prince of Wales did more than anything else to revive the sentiment of monarchy. His early marriage with Princess Alexandra of Denmark (fifth on a list of seven candidates thoughtfully prepared for the Queen by King Leopold, her favorite uncle!), the keen solicitude with which the nation watched his difficult recovery from typhoid fever, the energetic part he took in sports, society, and philanthropy, gradually reconciled the people to the continued withdrawal of the Queen into her fastness of Balmoral. The Prince's visit to India in 1875, followed by the assumption by the Queen of the title Empress of India, undoubtedly stirred the sluggish imagination of the British people, and was the opening of the era of sentimental imperialism the political value of which Disraeli was the first to appreciate.

The most interesting part of the story told by Sir Sidney Lee relates to the political role which the Prince throughout his life conceived himself as playing. It is natural perhaps that royal personages should cling to the old dynastic view of history, and visualize themselves as the determinant wills in national affairs. The Prince, thwarted by his mother in his youthful ambition for a high military command, and refused access to such official posts at home as the Prince Consort had held, turned his attention more and more to attempts to influence, or even to direct, the foreign relations of his country by personal intercourse with the rulers and statesmen of the continental powers. He had been everywhere and known everyone, and felt it his duty to have a finger in every pie. Continental statesmen seem to have imputed to him a political power over the foreign policy of his country far greater than he actually exercised. He was continually hobnobbing with Gambetta, Bismarck, and other foreign ministers. But though Sir Sidney Lee narrates with great particularity these incidents in his hero's career and treats them very seriously, there is little ground for holding that the Prince, except in one matter which lies beyond the time limit of this volume, played any determinant part in British foreign policy. In general, as the mind of his countrymen during the Victorian age turned now to France, now to Germany, now to Russia for its bogy-man, the Prince is seen faithfully reflecting the sentiment of the ruling class in England.

There is discernible from the early seventies a strong pro-French and anti-German sentiment, which, with certain brief checks and qualifications, comes more and more to obsess Edward's mind and bias his judgment. There is no ground for regarding this as a considered policy for England. It reflects, on the one hand, his liking for Paris and the gaieties of French life, and on the other his growing antipathy to the future ruler of Germany, his precocious and self-assertive nephew. The biographer devotes a large proportion of his later chapters to this hostility between Prince and Kaiser, and indulges in such frequent tirades of vituperation against the treachery, hypocrisy, and jealousy which he finds everywhere in the Kaiser's diplomacy and private conduct as to injure the case he intends to make. No one could be quite so persistently evil-minded as the Kaiser, or so lamb-like as the Prince! When Sir Sidney Lee speaks of the Kaiser as "the chief mover" of the World War he betrays a remarkable ineptitude for his history in its larger meaning. Indeed, throughout his treatment of the great events in which his hero moves he takes a curiously narrow, personal, and unscientific attitude toward movements and forces. Considering that the real qualities which endeared the Prince to his countrymen were his social, sporting, gaming, and other human propensities, it is a pity the reader is not admitted into more glimpses of his private and domestic life. Though once or twice Sir Sidney speaks in chiding tone of the voice of scandal, and alludes to the parental warnings against levity of speech and conduct, a brief allusion to an early implication, as a witness, in the Mordaunt divorce case is the sole reference to aspects of the Prince's life which figured far more prominently for reprobation or for admiration with the British public than any of the great political adventures narrated here with so much particularity.

Sir Sidney Lee has upon the whole done his work with skill, judgment, and industry. It was perhaps inevitable that much space should be consumed with records of tours and functions that tend to tedium. But we get a clear picture of a fairly liberal-minded man, less spoiled by his upbringing and the flattery and servility of courts than almost any prince of his time. If he did not quite fill the role Sir Sidney unwisely ascribes to him in the famous lines of Dryden:

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one but all mankind's epitome,

he did conform to Lord Salisbury's apter description: "A thorough man of the world." His defects as well as his qualities commended him to all classes of the British public. He loved his friends and hated his enemies, took short views, put on no "side," enjoyed the good things of life, had no trade with intellectualism, conformed to the responsibilities when it was not too inconvenient to do so, and conducted himself in general in his elevated place as a good Briton ought to do.

J. A. Hobson

Miss Lowell's Keats

John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

THE reading of this book is a literary experience of the first order, although Miss Lowell's style is often loose and inept and certain of her ideas seem to be trash. The conclusions are often superficial, but the picture and movement are so vital that the reader touches the actuality of a great life. Miss Lowell's last act was to produce a creative biography.

Possessing a gift for color and detail, a shrewd quick eye for character drama, several stubborn aesthetic theories, and a tremendous amount of energy Miss Lowell has made a book that will long have a solid middle audience—fringed left and right by some little protest and scorn. Pedants will find these volumes irritating, aside from their faults of style, for their human warmth and sense; critics of the left wing will reject nearly everything except the author's documentary labors.

I, for one, must part with Miss Lowell when she turns psychologist, or, more correctly, moralist. It becomes clear in the final chapters that she is addressing the philistine, if not unconsciously identifying herself with him. At the end of a sturdy and sympathetic study she contemplates the passion and death of John Keats as an alien would—chiding what she considers the utterances of a cad, pleading his case wherever she can, ready on the instant to protect his sweetness of character

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against chiding which is not her own. What she has not seemed to conceive at all is that no defense is needed. And yet among Keats's friends—Brown, Haydon, Dilke, Woodhouse, Leigh Hunt, and the rest—Miss Lowell proves at the last to be one of the most loyal. Toward the end, when Keats is dying in Italy, the story goes almost beyond human endurance. Severn complains a little, even while he is faithful; Brown and Taylor look about to reimburse themselves. To partake of life with Keats must have been hard in the last degree. Miss Lowell has done so amply.

Everywhere Miss Lowell goes to great pains to defend Fanny Brawne, but if there is any defense of Fanny left unmade it is this: that Fanny seems to have felt a superior capacity for suffering in Keats, and seems still to have matched herself with him. I am not at all inclined to accept the picture Miss Lowell draws: a wise, patient, motherly girl of nineteen, lacking all concrete identity, restrained and noble. I reject this picture not because I believe the older myth but because such a person never existed, at nineteen or any other age, outside the Elsie books. Keats was in love with a tall, pale girl who went to parties, put a silk lining in his traveling cap, and wore a dress he called her shepherdess dress. However anxious he may have been in describing her to George to disguise his feeling—as Miss Lowell insists—Keats makes us see at least a highly individualized person.

Truly, whatever Fanny was like, her role was a large one. The intensity of the man and his extremity make a dark whirlpool. Almost from the first he has premonitions of the sick eagle; that, and the increasing cloud of trouble—dying Tom, the pursuit of hackwork, recurring sore-throats, and the engagement with its load of responsibility, minus funds, and all—justify a little morbidity. This trapped mood grows in volume until it comes out in the open, despite many whimsical and defiant sleights-of-hand—until we have the crisis of accumulated anguish. Keats knew as few men know the power and magic in himself; he knew that he had hold on immortality. He needed a very simple finite aid—time merely. And he felt unconsciously that he was being hurried off into nothingness. His lust after immortality was the central passion in him; he fastened on Fanny with a terrible fury—the fury not merely of a dying man but of a dying poet—a murdered immortality.

The story of Keats's passion moves me far beyond that of Shelley's, of Blake's, of Burns's, of Shakespeare's. And, of course, Miss Lowell is not insensible to it. She has taken the right tack most of the time, communicating the changing moods of the poet's mind almost unerringly—London, the suburbs, and the country retreats darken gradually as we read. The tension of the summer after Keats falls in love with Fanny is given perfectly; the dreamlike unreality of the trip to Italy is a ghastly memory. My only protest is against some of Miss Lowell's insistences. I cannot let her lock matters up quite so speedily, with such an air of satisfied analysis. As a psychologist Miss Lowell is all catch-as-catch-can. Quoting, for instance, the most passionate of Keats's letters inspired by jealousy of Brown, she says: "The insult in the last part of this letter—('I cannot live without you, and not only you but *chaste you; virtuous you*')—is the one and only time in his life, as far as we know it, in which Keats's taste, and his sense of chivalry, permitted him to do a really abominable thing. The ravings of delirium alone can be an excuse for it. The utter nonsense of it can have been its only palliative to Fanny Brawne. What she bore with in these letters cannot be overstated. Her pity must have been extreme to tolerate such selfishness and cruelty."

To speak of delirium, and never once to admit the possibility of another Fanny who might evoke Keats's words, indicates in Miss Lowell a proneness to very decided views. It seems to me very likely that Fanny—not because she was wanton but because she was young and high-spirited—did just what Keats accuses her of having done. Twice in his later letters to Brown Keats pleads with him to be "Her advocate forever," which makes it appear that Keats was as anxious for the two people he loved most dearly to be friends as he had once wished them furiously apart. All of which is very natural—more natural than the bookish explanation given. A situation involving three people, as this one did, acts almost geometrically to bring the man and woman whose emotions center on a third person into some kind of attraction. Miss Lowell blames Brown roundly for breaking up his quarters next the Brawnes and flinging Keats away from himself and Fanny. Surely material of this sort deserves either no comment at all or a much more imaginative handling than that given by Miss Lowell.

In spite of an inadequacy of the sort I have mentioned, I know of no one who could have written a better book on Keats. None of the gnatlike critics, none of the neurotic novelists, certainly no other poet could have done him as much justice. And the reason is an interesting one, I think. Miss Lowell had what for this age is a most uncommon zest. She was not a partial, fragile-minded lover of beauty. Her work and her thinking had the merit of being downright and positive, however sometimes mistaken. These qualities are not popular in our rather plaintive and recently sophisticated land, but they are necessary for the understanding of any supreme temperament, or of any major art. I can think of no intellectual who would have done much with the life of Keats except analyze it to death in a futilitarian mood; and such a method would never touch Keats for an instant.

Miss Lowell was capable of exultation; she possessed a sensuous mind which transcended all manner of minor inconsistencies. Her delight in color and surface sheen, her love of legendary glory, her very bookishness lent themselves to the study of a poet who found, more than any other, fertile excitement in finished art. The reading of a book is the occasion for Keats's greatest sonnet; his greatest ode is written to a vase; he says on seeing the Elgin Marbles:

> Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
> Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;
> So do these wonders a most dizzy pain. . . .

The child of stable-keepers had a feeling for magnificence of expression unlike the feeling in an upper-class poet like Byron or Shelley. Great poetry or great form was a solid fact for Keats, an outward thing. He found, when he found himself, that it alone of all the outside world could match the splendor of his own imagination. In consequence, I think, he was a humbler and a greater craftsman than any of his contemporaries. All of this Miss Lowell has understood. Not even her special pleading for imagism, or her opinion that a certain stanza of the Grecian Urn "is not so much Greek as Japanese," can spoil the fact that she comprehended how—for all his growing despair—Keats worked in supreme power, "leaving great verse unto a little clan."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

The Frontier and the Revolution

History of the American Frontier. By Frederick L. Paxson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

The Spirit of the American Revolution. By John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THE story of the American frontier is, in a vital sense, the story of American democracy. More and more historians are shaping their perspective from this point of view. Turner's studies, lifting the facts of frontier life and development to a fundamental historical position, cleared the way for this perspective by showing that each stage of the Westward movement of population and each new line of frontier was but the recurrence of the social and political experience of its predecessors. By 1895 Professor Woodrow Wilson was convinced that the detail of the spreading pattern of Westward expansion was to be found in "local history"; that the "Westerner" was

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the "type and master of American life." Historians of the Alvord and Paxson school have done much by their independent investigations to reveal the true character and steps of the persistent frontier progress from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

The main lines of the frontier pattern of our history are well known. The English-speaking migrants from the original colonies pushed out in small units to the forks of the Ohio, along the military road that remained the one important legacy of the ill-fated Braddock campaign of 1755. There were barriers, of course, at every limit of their adventures. There were mountain passes to find and climb, streams to ferry or ford, and Indians as well as Frenchmen to encounter and supplant. From the Alleghenies these forerunners pushed on to the Wabash, thence to the Mississippi. Clarke's conquests linked the English settlements on both sides of the Ohio. The persistent thirst for trade followed hard upon the heels of the first frontiersmen, winning the coveted privilege of navigating the great river to New Orleans. This was but the prelude to the next drive for territory in the acquisition of Louisiana. Thus came the grazing and mineral areas, and finally the Pacific frontier made secure by the conquests which grew out of the war with Mexico.

The aggressive self-dependence of each wavelet of population westward was, in the main, little affected by laws or treaties. These, however, generally favored the continental course of the English-speaking empire. The British diplomats at Versailles in 1783, as Mr. Paxson points out, desired a cleavage between their former colonies and the French establishment as a basis of future friendly trade. But the momentum of conquest grew with the growth of the frontier settlements. The Spanish and the French posts gave way, and the Indians retreated into narrower domains. The national government, against its older, more conservative threshold, felt constantly the reflex influence of the frontier democracy and generally shaped its conduct in sympathy with the imperial movement.

The federal government, for greater unity between itself and the frontier groups, built the Cumberland Road. Cooperant with this "symbol of federal power" came the possibility of steam navigation between the upper Ohio and New Orleans. Both inceptive and prophetic of the trade instinct and its influence for organized government in the midwest region was the trip, in 1811, of the steamboat Orleans, owned by Nicholas Roosevelt of New York. To these two unifying events was added the creation of the national domain, in response to the unceasing land hunger of the frontier families. Contemporaneously with the energetic addition of new States grew the early implanted seed of political discord.

For the very independence of the various frontier settlements, molded in large measure by climate and the susceptibilities of soil, brought into existence the "cotton kingdom" and the spirit of conflict. With Missouri's admission the old frontier sentiment changed rapidly into the feeling of sectionalism. All this change was fought out while the great Southwestern frontier was still in existence. Surviving for more than a quarter of a century after the success of the Union, this last frontier was finally absorbed by the admission of the Omnibus States of New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona. The closing years of the later frontiers gave rise to populism in politics. The aggressive farmers, struggling against an unaccustomed soil-aridity, raised the tocsin of revolt and characteristically turned for redress to politics. That phase of Western radicalism is apparently to be followed by a broad opposition between agriculture and city-supported industrialism.

Without disturbing his achievement of good proportion, one feels that Mr. Paxson might have stressed even more the potency of the family as the unit of the American frontier movement, and the increase of population as a consequence of the abundance of free land; an effect so clearly discerned by Franklin in 1751. His volume is timely for historical study

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and has great merit. Synthesizing so well the rapidly accumulating literature of frontier history to date, it gives a needed definiteness to the story of our earliest continental expansionists and will encourage the greater consideration of that phase of American history.

Mr. Paxson's epic story is given a subdued color appropriate to the spirit of detached and determined settlers fated to overcome the obstacles to the conquest of a great compact empire. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with an equal impress of authenticity, sets out to exhibit more of the color and fire of the Revolution than readers of American history are accustomed to get. For the preparation of his book he has had at his disposal the rich resources of the Library of Congress, where he is assistant chief of the division of manuscripts. His nineteen interesting chapters picture as many different aspects of the hard-fought struggle for independence, and even the casual reader will enjoy them. Particularly arresting is Mr. Fitzpatrick's story of the Declaration of Independence and its travels, beginning with an account of the "six-page, folio document," containing Jefferson's preamble to the first Virginia constitution, from which he wrote the Declaration. The author points out that Franklin is entitled to credit for eleven emendations which improved the rough draft submitted to the committee of five charged with the preparation of the Declaration. The author here furnishes interesting information supplementary to the studies of Hazelton and Carl Becker. Attention should also be called to the account of the beginnings of the Post Office of the United States and to the story of that remarkably successful agency of nationality, the provincial committees, growing out of the affair of the Gaspee.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Wasting Men

Industrial Psychology and the Production of Wealth. By H. D. Harrison. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Economics of Fatigue and Unrest. By P. Sargant Florence. Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

THESE two books are adventures into the great jungle of wasted man-power in the going structure of industry. They both have their roots in the Scientific Management movement, but both have a concept of the human problem involved which is at once more modern and more understanding than anything dreamed of by Frederick W. Taylor. Mr. Harrison stresses industrial psychology from the physiological or behaviorist approach; Mr. Florence attempts to appraise the economic loss which flows from the fact that the worker is not adjusted to his job. Both are well documented and well filled with quantitative data. Both are profoundly interesting.

If only working men and women were Robots! But they are not, they are men and women. Human beings of a definite biological and psychological structure, they cannot be made to function smoothly in the industrial mechanism unless the mechanism is adapted to their biological and psychological demands. As biologists and psychologists are largely unknown in industry, and as the latter at best are just beginning to move their embryo science out of the astrology stage, it follows that the adaptation of man to the industrial mechanism is a crude, bungling, thwarting, and incredibly wasteful performance. Despite the unheard-of exertions of the forceful business man; despite the prayers, lamentations, and exhortations of his faithful aides—parsons, politicians, professors, charity workers, and efficiency experts; despite carrots without number in front of the donkey's nose—bonus systems, profit-sharing systems, promotion systems, get-together-in-one-big-family systems, the industrial worker won't work as he should, but persists against the mandates of church and state and the immutable laws of the dismal science in being restless, uneasy, volatile, lazy, shiftless, grouchy, and altogether undependable. One's heart goes out to the giants of industry in their shirt-sleeves, in conference, in private Pullman cars, furiously trying to keep their capital stocks at par while their employees put large muddy boots through the balance sheet. But there you are. We can mingle our tears with the lions of Wall Street and Lombard Street, but one fears that a good cry will be the limit of satisfaction in the premises. The industrial machine is obviously not geared to the requirements of fundamental human nature, and the overhead in human agony as well as in dollars will go forward in the face of oceans of executive tears—until the gears are shifted.

It is the job of Messrs. Harrison and Florence to point out the cost and to make some tentative suggestions as to how management may begin to apply intelligence to the handling of manpower—and thus shift the gears.

Mr. Harrison reviews vocational selection and guidance, industrial fatigue in its various forms, motion study, the psychology of wage systems, sabotage and restriction of output, the effects of fear, envy, and resentment. The author as an intelligent Englishman has, of course, accepted the organized labor movement as inevitable and necessary. To oppose it stubbornly in the fashion of many American employers is only to increase the margin of waste and loss. Other items in his inventory include:

The high cost of choosing workers not by analyzing their physical, nervous, and temperamental fitness for the job in hand but by guess and by God. Square pegs in round holes. Meanwhile experiment has shown that it is possible to work out a series of tests which can go far toward eliminating—prior to hiring—the more grossly unfit, such as in the case of telephone operators and motormen.

The high cost of neglecting the physiological need for rest periods in monotonous occupations. Girls doing monotonous work in a bleachery were shifted from a straightaway schedule to a schedule of 80 minutes' work with 20 minutes' rest. Output increased 60 per cent as a result.

The high cost of long hours. For each type of industrial work there is probably an "optimal day"—the number of hours at which the human mechanism can turn out the maximum of work, year in, year out. Florence, by the way, shows that it has already been demonstrated beyond peradventure that more output is gained from an 8-hour day than from a 12, leaving out of account the factor of diminished accidents.

The high cost of neglecting the fundamental dance pattern in human nature. "Rhythm has an emotional effect and lessens strain and fatigue by making voluntary attention less necessary and relieving monotony, which is a purely subjective feeling." Not for nothing did the builders of transcontinental railroads chant "Drill ye terriers, drill!" as they tamped the ties. By introducing a continuous curved movement in a certain operation in a candy factory, instead of the old discontinuous angular one, time was reduced, and output increased 27 per cent, although the actual line followed by the hand was longer. Physiologically, a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points!

The high cost of neglecting ventilation, light, noise, and temperature adjustment. Sixty-three per cent more typing can be done at 68° F. than at 75°. In one case, a change in factory lighting increased output 27 per cent. It is estimated that the Tin Plate industry could increase output 12 per cent by efficient ventilation. A 25 per cent increase in product was secured by moving a body of workers to a quieter section of the factory. When the rhythm of a noise—say a steam hammer—is different from the rhythm of the human work being done, frustrations are set up, resulting in strain, superinduced fatigue, and loss of output.

Mr. Florence turns his attention to an attempt to measure quantitatively the man-power lost through industrial maladjustment. He gathers together the results of statistical surveys recording wastes due to labor turnover (hiring and firing), absenteeism, strikes and lockouts (the factor of time lost), indus-

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trial accidents and sickness, deficiency of output, defective output. He loses himself occasionally in trying to force human nature into his neat statistical categories, but by and large he holds to a tolerant and not too naive method of inquiry. And of course his figures as a reflection of wasted man-power are appalling. A turnover rate of 63 to 201 per cent in American industries where the minimum unavoidable rate should not be more than 25 per cent (which means that with a standard working force of 4, one man is hired and one is fired during the year); an average absence rate of from 5 to 12 per cent, when the maximum should not exceed 3 per cent; two million industrial accidents a year in the United States, involving 25,000 deaths and 700,000 cases of 4 weeks' disability or more—these are some of his figures.

Mr. Harrison's book is the better written, and Mr. Florence's is the more painstaking and scholarly. Both should be read by everybody who would bring to industry a contemplation above the level of voodooism—say the contemplation of a Coolidge, a Gary, or a Nicholas Murray Butler.

But when all is said and done, what is modern industry worth that we should take such unheard-of pains to make the collar fit smoothly on the neck? STUART CHASE

The True Romance

The Black Cargo. By J. P. Marquand. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

FIXING guilt upon a solitary criminal considered without due reference to his remotest origins and his immediate environment may easily become a fanciful task. Certainly no one man may be held to blame for a crime bred by the blood of all his progenitors and the corrosive influence of the scene in which accident has placed his being. Literary crimes especially cannot be exactly traced. There is no absolute blood-test; the offender himself hardly can estimate the multiplied complication of instincts which sent him spinning his colors and laying his plots. The evil which he does lives after him in other men. How then should we assign his guilt (he is usually dead and beyond punishment) because others find the thing he did good and lack the genius to forswear evil?

In a few cases, however, the lingering poison has infected the whole body and may even with scientific reservations be hunted to a solitary bacillus administered by a charming criminal. Since Stevenson, at any rate, the term "romance" has been little better than an excuse for dignified critical contempt. If anyone dragged down romance from her mountain height and dressed her up in a false deluding glitter, it was Stevenson. If anyone exiled passion and death and substituted the clink and radiance of ordered words for the dark splendor of true peril and adventure, it again was Stevenson. "Treasure Island" remains a book for boys and nice old men. The morality of famous stories like "Markheim" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" hardly reaches and seldom exceeds the speculations of protected schoolmen. The invention of stories like "The Merry Men" and "Will o' the Mill" falters into bright picturesque situations without solid base or sustainment. When hardworking literary hucksters like Mr. Sabatini follow hard in the ways of Stanley Weyman, himself treading reverently in the path of Stevenson, and by that process gain an enormous popular esteem, you may be sure that Stevenson and no other made it come finally to pass. There actually exist, since the nineties, some thousands of historical romances all nourished by the guilt of the enchanter.

It is guilt, but not blood guilt. There is no blood in Stevenson and no loss of the soul. The profound sadness of Dumas and even the harsh Scotch verity of books like "Redgauntlet" were transmuted into essays for boys and girls and men too tired to be afraid. At last Conrad came along and restored romance, but even in Conrad the reconstitution was not made wholly perfect. Conrad is just a little too inclined to renounce

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Translation and Foreword by John Pollock

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his profound Slav inheritance for the sake of assuaging references to "the faithful austerity of the sea," Lord Jim's heroic ethical folly, and heroines who never put on flesh. Yet Conrad more than any other man made the pretty wilderness to flower into rich growths like "Java Head" and Warrington Dawson's "Adventure in the Night" and J. P. Marquand's "The Black Cargo." No one can pretend that these books have the stature of "War and Peace," or of Undset's "The Bridal Wreath" or even of the Valois romances. Many of us, however, would prefer "The Black Cargo" to a whole mess of Midwestern cottages examined and exploited by the industrious realistic garbage men.

Among serious-minded persons the convention still obtains that a story involving passion and death and danger and corruption of the soul and body under scenes of violence and torture may be dismissed as melodrama, whereas a story which puts down for uncounted pages the precise dull talk and action of pedestrian souls must be accepted as significant fiction. Here again the whole trouble may lie with Stevenson or at any rate with his influence. In intellectual decency you can hardly expect anyone to take Weyman's heroines or Stevenson's heroines as contributions to the great portrait galleries of literature; and of course the plot and action of all the Sabatini epics do conjure up amusements fully satisfactory only to the adolescent mind. Where sudden battle and adventurous peril involve nothing more than the thrust of tin swords into satin cloaks, literature is not born in heroic anguish. Why, however, the scrupulous presentment of grocers and housewives and alley politicians weighing sugar or love or votes in rusty scales amid a broad resonance of dialect is any more significant than the dark sadness of "Marguerite de Valois" or the gigantic invention of "Andivius Hedulio" or the incorruptible narrative art of "The Black Cargo" many of us are at a loss to discover.

Everything that false romance has been doing Mr. Marquand has herein undone. Here you will not only find none of Stevenson's fine avoidance of women and death, but you will find the complete absence of what Mr. Wells calls Conrad's florid mental gestures. The character of Eliphalet Greer, pirate, churchman, hypocrite, and saint, compounded of all the mixed elements of life, includes by its enveloping distinction the lesser characters, and the unfoldment of the plot of slave ships, revenge, perfidious enterprises, and somber heroism implies the irony of all accomplishment and the weariness of all completed vengeance. Anyone else could have invented the plot of slavers in New England clipper days. No one else except Mr. Marquand, so far at any rate, has been able to use so incomparable a narrative art wherein the frame of events holds reflected within its shining surface the indecision, cruelty, fury, gentleness, and disillusion, at once sacrificial and sadistic, of the soul caught into the nets of action and the blind stabbing thrusts of fate.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Revolution in America

The New Barbarians. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

The Sociology of Revolution. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. J. P. Lippincott and Company. $3.

MR. ABBOTT'S solemn treatise is the first of a hundred per cent series on contemporary American problems. Two other books in this series are already announced. Their authors, Professors McDougall and Carver of Harvard, would naturally be thought of for front-trench service in any enterprise designed to protect the eternal verities, but we are surprised to find Mr. Abbott enthusiastically heading this goodly company. The author of one of the most profound and illuminating works on the history of modern Europe, he would scarcely seem the person to fire the opening shot in this elaborate campaign to defend the essentials of Americanism against the disintegrating assaults of foreign and domestic "Reds." But he has apparently taken his mission seriously, and he has executed his task with saving exuberance. The book turns out to be a manifesto of proud, libertarian, clean, tolerant, independent, energetic, efficient, well-organized Anglo-Saxon America against the dirty, egalitarian, revolutionary, lazy, envious, and bureaucratic Wops, Bohunks, and Russian Jews who are descending upon us as menacing hordes with the design of seizing our society and making it over to suit their savage and alien ideas and practices.

In spite of the underlying thesis of the book, with which American readers have been recently familiarized through the writings of such men as McDougall, Stoddard, James M. Beck, William D. Guthrie, and others, there is no little rhetoric of fairness pervading the work. This is apparent in the opening paragraphs of the preface and in such passages as that on page 209 in which the abuses of the plutocracy are briefly presented, or those on pages 145-47 where the staggering complexities of modern industrial and mechanical civilization are clearly recognized. But these appear to be almost purely compensatory interpolations. Mr. Abbott's real philosophy and animus are revealed when he gloats over the recent defeats of La Follette and MacDonald as a blow to those "subversive elements" which aim to destroy the very foundations of Western civilization, and when he classifies the Nonpartisan League as a collapsing bolshevik experiment.

With many of Professor Abbott's criticisms the reviewer is in general sympathy. If he had presented his indictment primarily against indiscriminate immigration he would have put his finger upon one of the most vulnerable aspects of our public policy. Instead he has devoted himself to supporting the highly dubious thesis of the lower ideals and inferior institutions of the immigrant groups; and many readers will now throw aside his book with the conviction that it is chiefly the product of arrogance and mild hysteria. Further, his arguments against revotion and egalitarianism are most convincing. But his sagacity here is to a large degree offset by the pathetic inadequacy and weaknesses of his own panaceas. He regards as quite adequate for a solution of the grave problems of contemporary industrialism such things as profit-sharing, stock distribution, recreation rooms, savings banks, thrift stamps, the Y. M. C. A., boys' clubs, and social settlements; in other words, such incomplete and superficial remedies as invite revolution almost as certainly as the adamant conservatism of Judge Gary.

But the reviewer is not inclined to be too hard on Mr. Abbott as an amateur, *vigilante* economist and sociologist—a task for which he has little or no professional preparation. Where we find ourselves least capable of excusing him is in his failure to make good use of his undoubted historical knowledge and acumen. The reviewer finds it quite impossible to understand how a man whose historical specialty is the history of England and Europe during the period of colonization could seriously and soberly attempt to draw a marked and unfavorable contrast between the original immigrants and those who have come to our shores in the last half century. He certainly knows that England sent to our colonies a great majority of her criminal population before the period of the Declaration of Independence; that a large proportion of the immigrants were drawn from a very low stratum in society; that many were kidnapped in the slum districts; that the population of one of the largest and most prosperous of the middle colonies was at the time of the Declaration of Independence made up overwhelmingly of descendants of criminals, indentured servants, and redemptioners. He must be equally familiar with what were at that time regarded as the dangerous ideas of our colonial "radicals." He must have read dozens of pamphlets denouncing in terms and phrases singularly like his own the characteristics of our ancestors. The difference between the two situations is assuredly to be found not in the cultural and physical contrasts between colonial and contemporary immigration but rather in the unprecedented and indefensible volume of recent migration to our shores. As an authority on the new

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barbarians Mr. Abbott rates little better than Charles Kingsley as a chronicler of the "old barbarians" who were once believed to have inundated the Roman Empire.

Dr. Sorokin is a former professor of sociology at the University of Petrograd who, after many vicissitudes and narrow escapes at the hands of the Bolsheviks, has finally ended up as professor of sociology at the University of Minnesota. Himself a former Russian Social Revolutionist, his experiences with the Soviet Government served to chasten his revolutionary enthusiasm, and his book is a comprehensive assault upon revolution as a method of social change. His misfortunes have not, however, entirely obliterated his sociological insight, and he frankly recognizes that, however wasteful and unsatisfactory revolution may be as a mode of social transformation, it will remain a social process and expedient as long as stupid repression of normal development is permitted to persist in any society.

The first section of the book, dealing with the nature of human behavior in revolutions, is by far the most important and original. The attempt is made here to interpret revolutionary behavior in terms of the conditioned reflex and conditioned behavior, following out the general line of psychological theory laid down by Pavlov, Burnham, and others. Much the most up-to-date effort at a psychology of revolution available, it renders the old study of Le Bon thoroughly anachronistic. Dr. Sorokin's general theory is that in times of revolution the socially conditioned behavior which is dominant in orderly social life gives way to unconditioned behavior and the assertion of more primary and elemental human impulses, so that a revolutionary period is characterized by every type of violence, cruelty, and confusion. To illustrate his thesis he draws upon historic revolutions, real and alleged, from 2000 B.C. in Ancient Egypt to the bolshevik overturn following 1917. But throughout his chief emphasis is upon the Russian Revolution, which he presents in an extremely unfavorable light. Yet he interprets its excesses as due primarily to the psychology of revolution in general rather than to the unique diabolism of Lenin and his associates.

Dr. Sorokin contends that revolution is biologically counter-selective, promoting in every case "the selection of the unfittest" and diminishing the population numerically. The structure of the social aggregate is disrupted by revolution, and confusion and anarchy follow until a dictatorship establishes a worse form of oppression than that against which the revolution was organized. Social functions are likewise disturbed and diverted by revolution. Human energy is turned from productive labor toward strife and pillage. The confusion destroys social security and discourages labor and thrift. Robbery and idleness follow in the wake. To these disastrous results must be added the great increase in expenditures for armies and bureaucracies. Horrible and destructive as revolution is, its ravages can be averted only by a social system which welcomes orderly, constructive, and well-considered change. In spite of his animus against the Bolsheviks, Dr. Sorokin recognizes that conditions in Russia in 1917 were such as to render inevitable a "deafening revolutionary explosion."

Many readers of these two books might argue that Dr. Sorokin presents a picture of the horrors which we may expect in this country if we do not vigorously organize to repress the new barbarians. A saner consideration will lead others to contend that Dr. Sorokin gives us a correct impression of what we may expect if policies like those of Mr. Abbott and Mr. Coolidge continue to dominate in the conduct of public life. The technological and economic realities of contemporary civilization call for more heroic remedies than bucolic thrift or playgrounds and profit-sharing. The reviewer does not believe in revolution, but he differs from Mr. Abbott in holding that the recent American and British elections were fundamentally much more of a stimulus than a defeat to the truly subversive and destructive forces in contemporary society.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

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Sainte-Beuve

Sainte-Beuve. By Lewis Freeman Mott. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

HERE, as in his "Renan," Mr. Mott introduces us to an illustrious critic who was great both as artist and as man. It is not enough to say that Mr. Mott reveals Sainte-Beuve against the shifting literary, social, and political background of his time. He does this and something more; he finds the man beneath the writer. Most of us, when we hear of Sainte-Beuve, conjure up a great panjandrum of literature, a tremendous pundit with a brow like Jove's to threaten and command. This is an unfortunate misconception which no careful reader of Mr. Mott's book will continue to entertain. Sainte-Beuve had erudition, of course. He was a veritable magnet for gossip; he had a prodigious appetite for the details of truth (as well as a keen sense for truth of detail); he had a perfect mania for collecting scraps of information, no matter how minute. But he was governed, above all, by a consuming passion to understand.

The smell of the lamp did not cling to the mighty historian of Port-Royal, the cosmopolitan essayist whose *Lundis* jolted educated France out of the even tenor of its way. Every investigation cost him "hours given to society or to the street, to bores, beggars, and secret appointments"; for, adds Mr. Mott, "he was always reading but one book, the book of the world and of life." Consider Sainte-Beuve's diverse relations with the *Globe* group, so much admired by Goethe; with Victor Hugo and the Romantics; with Proudhon, the Saint-Simonians, and other Socialists; with Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand; with the Princess Mathilde and her circle; with Taine and Renan (who called him master); with Gautier, Flaubert, and the Goncourts; with Mérimée, Balzac, George Sand, and even Zola. Clearly, by deed no less than by word, Sainte-Beuve upheld the republic of letters, sustained his part in its fracases and feuds, took stiff blows and returned them, and, on occasion, marched to some epic encounter of ideas as boldly and spiritedly as the horse in Job that "saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and smelleth the battle afar off!"

It is related that when as a young man Sainte-Beuve was challenged to a duel he appeared at the appointed spot armed solely with an umbrella. His adversary, in no joking mood, expostulated angrily. "I don't mind being shot," replied the bland Sainte-Beuve, "but I *do* mind getting wet." A man whom such a story fits may certainly be counted on not to do, or to think, the obvious. Unswerving independence of judgment was, in truth, Sainte-Beuve's most striking quality. His worst enemies could rely upon his incorruptible critical faculty. So could his best friends. These were at times sorely tried by his sublime indifference to the little detail of whose ox was being gored. It was not without some feeling that they applied to him the words with which he characterized Lamennais: "Never did he sacrifice an idea or a belief in any purely personal cause."

Intellectual integrity alone, however, would not have established Sainte-Beuve as the master critic of his age, nor would it have made his method the fountain-head from which most subsequent first-class criticism has derived. What virtue was it that caused Sainte-Beuve's famous "Portraits" to produce upon his own generation such an overwhelming effect of novelty? For an adequate answer the reader must turn to Mr. Mott's lucid, exhaustive account of the critic's "physiological method." "I analyze, herborize; I am a naturalist of the mind," said Sainte-Beuve. He studied authors as Fabre studied bees, remembering that, as an apiarist cannot understand a bee unless he understands a beehive, so a critic cannot know an author unless he knows a literary epoch.

But Sainte-Beuve, being a poet as well as a critic, had always to pluck the heart out of his mystery. Labels, critical canons, fixed categories of good and evil—he eschewed them all, as Mr. Mott makes eminently clear. The two essays on Napoleon will drive the point home. Your Macaulays and Brunetières can see Napoleon only in terms of guilt and innocence. Sainte-Beuve, viewing the emperor from the other side of good and evil, sees him as the picked man of a particular time—a time when martial music was the only music people understood, the cast of the die the only oracle they respected. Well, Napoleon's cannons made music at which the world grew pale. He staked a nation's lifeblood to gain the mastery of the earth. Sainte-Beuve presents him, then, as the supremely daring gambler of history, personifying for all time that spirit of "nothing venture, nothing have" which, despite its enormously costly extravagances, is a permanent factor in man's evolution. As Sainte-Beuve pointed out, "Nothing immortal would ever be done if everything were not risked at a certain moment for the great result." This dispassionate naturalist's picture of Napoleon was, as Mr. Mott shows, a daring innovation. No wonder it made all Europe gasp and stare.

Sainte-Beuve as the first natural-historian of literature, as the sensitive poet of "Les Pensées" and of "Livre d'Amour," as the lover of Victor Hugo's wife, as the philosophic annalist of Port-Royal, as the master-craftsman without fear and without reproach—these are revealed with perfect sympathy and perfect tact in a book whose learning conceals the apparatus of learning. All is ordered, luminous, simple, so that the story of Sainte-Beuve's career moves with the coherence of a dominant and progressing theme. The author "places" the critic in his surroundings. Also—and this is an infinitely harder task—he shows us the soul of the artist who, in the words of Anatole France, was "the most exact, the most acute, the most inquisitive spirit a mature civilization has yet produced." Mr. Mott's book is the first comprehensive treatment of Sainte-Beuve in any language and it is a magnificent feather in the cap of American scholarship.

FELIX GRENDON

Prehistory and Before

Human Origins, a Manual of Prehistory. By George Grant MacCurdy. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives. By W. J. Sollas. The Macmillan Company. $6.50.

The Earth Before History. By Edmond Perrier. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

Prehistoric Man, a General Outline of Prehistory. By Jacques de Morgan. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THERE is nothing which the inquisitiveness of man does not urge him to attempt to discover, and his own past has always held a peculiar fascination for him. It was only yesterday, however, as time goes, that he systematized the search for his own origins. In the past two or three generations enormous finds have been made, and we are now beginning to see in a vast sweep the prehistory of mankind. Up to very recently there has been a dearth of works to which the layman could turn. But now a number of books will give him the information he desires. One of the latest of these, and one of the very best, is the manual of prehistory published by Dr. MacCurdy. It is gratifying to go through his work, for it is a sober, scholarly presentation of material that is too often of a nature such as to tempt a student to vast and sensational generalizations. There is nothing of the sort in these two rather ponderous volumes. And while there are chapters which make delightful reading, on the whole the work is what it is called, a manual. There are no intriguing pictures of reconstructed Neanderthal men, or of ape-men from Java, or of types nearer to the present day got up in gentlemanly fashion. Rather there is the constant weighing of data—pictures of actual sites, pictures of skeletal remains *in situ*, cautions against the drawing of too fantastic hypotheses, and long lists of bibliographical material to which one who wishes to go far-

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ther into the subject can turn, plus an admirable glossary of the terms employed, numerous schematic devices calculated to make the bewildering chronology more understandable, and lists of sites where cultural material or human remains of a given type have been found so that the student may know just what is the relative distribution of these remains.

In the first volume of his work, devoted to the Old Stone or Palaeolithic Age, Dr. MacCurdy starts with a discussion of the evolution of man himself. Following this with a chapter tending to make clearer the basis of prehistoric argument, the chronology, he then gives us a short sketch of the history of his subject itself—a history fascinating in the extreme, telling of the steps by which men came to realize the tale of the unwritten volumes contained in the remains left by their forebears in the earth. Most of the remainder of the volume is devoted to a description of the types of culture found—the Eolithic, and then the various Palaeolithic cultures proper: Chellean, Acheulian, Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian. These are chapters which bristle with technical detail. Following them, however, is perhaps the most interesting chapter of the entire work, and one which is perhaps unique in archaeological literature for sympathetic and at the same time scholarly treatment. It deals with the marvelous Palaeolithic art, the importance and the beauty of which are just beginning to be dimly understood. Most of the important art productions of the period are figured, and all of the sites discussed. And it is interesting to notice, with Dr. MacCurdy, that "from the standpoint of antiquity the artist has special reason to be proud. . . . Man was artist before he was the maker of even hieroglyphs; he tamed his imagination and his hand to produce at will objects of beauty long ages before he tamed the first wild beast or made the humble plant world do his bidding. The farmer, whose calling we are apt to think of as representing the life primeval, is a mere upstart in comparison with one who practices the fine arts."

There follows a thorough discussion of the types of man who roamed the world during Palaeolithic times. Dr. MacCurdy's scientific restraint is nowhere more apparent than here, where it is most needed. For the reconstruction of a skull from a few fragments of bone, or the determination of a "race" from one individual, is a risky business, and should be proceeded to with the greatest caution. Dr. MacCurdy believes that the Piltdown fragments, about which scientific controversy has raged for some years, are from a type undoubtedly human; as to *Pithecanthropus erectus*, he leaves us with the various hypotheses which are being maintained. Every find of any importance is noted in this section, and it is an able and discerning compendium. One point often overlooked by prehistoric anthropologists should be remarked as receiving emphasis in this work, and that is that one skull or one skeleton does not necessarily tell us what the type of the race might have been. The great fact of the variability of individuals is of prime importance; imagine the description of present man which a future archaeologist would give if the only skeleton to be discovered by him should happen to be that of the oversized Mr. Dempsey.

The second volume is devoted to the Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron ages. Here again we have the same careful attention to detail in stating what has been found, and the same restraint in evaluation. The discussion of the development of iron is well done, and the earliest finds of iron are so traced that the origin of iron-working is clearly seen to have occurred in the south of Egypt; it is not readily understandable how in the fact of his own evidence Dr. MacCurdy can contend that the beginnings of the Iron Age took place "in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris at about the same time as in Egypt." One chapter in this second volume deserves special mention. It is the one in which the stone-age culture complex is discussed. A rounded description, satisfying and yet not going beyond the limits of the data in hand, it will give the lay reader an

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excellent idea of what life in the Palaeolithic epoch must have resembled, and something of a concept of how our present vast civilization is indebted to the early ancestors who roamed over Europe, and perhaps over Asia and Africa.

Dr. Sollas has revised his popular book, but there has been no change in his fundamental position, which is that certain contemporary primitive peoples in Africa, Australia, and America are the counterparts of certain prehistoric peoples. The presentation of each of these prehistoric cultures is adequate, as is that of the contemporary peoples. But when Dr. Sollas attempts to say that one is identical with another, he is indulging his fancy in a fashion which is not in line with sound scientific method.

The works by M. de Morgan and M. Perrier are numbers in the large series on the History of Civilization now in process of translation from the French. M. Perrier's fascinating volume tells of the development of the earth before man, and the ingenuity of his deductions as to the age of the earth makes his book well worth reading. The volume by M. de Morgan is a study rather of the culture of prehistoric peoples than of prehistory itself, which usually includes some consideration of physical form. After a discussion of types of industry there is a section on the daily life of prehistoric man; then one on his intellectual development, as shown in his art and his religious beliefs (inferred from the cave paintings and the types of burials and the existence of dolmens); then a chapter on the development of writing, in which the author is at his best, since he is a specialist on the archaeology of the Near East. A final chapter is on the interrelations of the prehistoric peoples as they may be inferred from the distribution of foreign objects which could only have been brought by trade to the places where they are found. The "inferential conclusions" as to the migrations of peoples and the beginnings of cultures are interesting, but they are nothing more than inferential.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Books in Brief

My Portion (An Autobiography). By Rebekah Kohut. Thomas Seltzer. $3.50.

This admirable volume is worth reading for at least two reasons: it explores a rich and beautiful culture which Americans ought to know, and it yields the portrait of an extraordinary woman. Rebekah Bettelheim was born in Hungary, the daughter of a rabbi; but she came with her family to the United States soon after the close of the Civil War. Her memories of Richmond and San Francisco and Baltimore, which fill the earlier portions of the memoir, are beautifully clear; the record of her maturer life is impressive in the extreme. One of eight children in a happy though sober Jewish family, she grew up with notions of responsibility toward her kind and race which, when finally she met Alexander Kohut in New York and was asked by him in marriage, made her more than willing to dedicate her career to him, his work, and his eight orphaned children. The account of her scholar-husband is the most vivid thing in a book packed with expert sketches of persons and places. Indeed, his "Aruch Completum," a great Talmudic lexicon in eight volumes which it took him twelve hours a day for twenty years to complete, may be said to occupy the place of hero in the entire narrative. Mrs. Kohut devoted herself so wholly to him and his affairs that after his death in 1894 she was compelled to look about for a cause to serve lest her life become useless to herself and to the world; and her subsequent story is the story of the schools and charities which have engaged her warm and active mind. These portions of the memoir suffer in comparison with the earlier portions through being of necessity less concrete; the Council of Jewish Women is less interesting, at least to the lay reader, than Alexander Kohut. But no page of the book is really dull, and all of the pages are distinguished by the presence upon them of a rare, maternal personality.

John Dryden. MacFlecknoe. 1682. Oxford University Press. $1.50. *Alexander Pope. Of the Characters of Women. 1735.* Oxford University Press. $1.70.
William Shenstone. The School-Mistress. 1742. Oxford University Press. $1.85. *Samuel Johnson and David Garrick. The Drury-Lane Prologue and Epilogue. 1747.* Oxford University Press. $1.20.
Thomas Gray. Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College. 1747. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

These type-facsimiles of rare editions of single poems are not only a delight to the eye—being products of the most inspired and resourceful press now serving the general English-reading world; they are a boon to scholarly book lovers who can no longer purchase rare editions. The first and pirated edition of MacFlecknoe, for instance, is now well beyond the average reach; but here is as perfect a copy of it as can be made—title-page, errors, and all. The Pope and the Gray are folios, thin and surpassingly fine. The Shenstone is a small octavo and the Johnson a small quarto. The bindings of all the five are in exquisitely marbled paper, and the paper within, it is hardly necessary to say, is always a joy.

Drama

Summary I

DURING the nine months just past the professional playgoer must have suffered many days and even whole weeks of boredom and discouragement, but if one takes the long view so much recommended by optimists there is every reason to have both respect for the past and hope for the future. No age ever produced masterpieces as fast as our producers demand new plays, and a preponderance of mediocrity is to be expected; but new pieces with the power to stimulate or move have been frequent enough to prove that the contemporary drama is a significant art. Moreover, a number of revivals conducted in an artistic rather than an antiquarian spirit have demonstrated the fact that there is a constantly growing public for those works of the past which touch our interests. Thus the contemporary theater fulfils, in a measure at least, the requirements of health; it can create for itself and it can appreciate the creations of another day.

It is worth remarking, however, that our thanks for this generally encouraging state of affairs should go almost entirely to those producers who are in one way or another outside the group loosely called the commercial managers. It was only ten years ago that the Neighborhood Players, the Washington Square Players (afterward the Theater Guild), and the Provincetown Players began, almost simultaneously, their modest attack upon the commercial theater; and even their warmest admirers could hardly have expected that in so short a time the movement which they initiated would become not only of the greatest artistic significance but actually a very important factor in the show business itself. Yet the fact is that if one were to strike from the present season the productions made by these companies and by such other experimenters as the Actors Theater, the Stagers, and the Cherry Lane Players, one would rob the season of most of its distinction and at the same time materially reduce the list of plays which have enjoyed conspicuously successful runs. To them we owe three of the four outstanding meritorious American plays of the season (the four are "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Desire Under the Elms," and "Processional," and two of these three were conspicuous commercial successes); they are responsible also for the best revivals of the classics of the modern drama ("Candida," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "The Wild Duck,"

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"Rosmersholm," and "Diff'rent"); and to them, too,. we owe various successful experiments with the less hackneyed masterpieces of the remoter past ("The Way of the World," "Love for Love," "The Little Clay Cart," and "The Critic"). Indeed, what artistically important events can we find for which they are not responsible? There is George Arliss in "Old English," there is Hampden's "Othello," there is "The Firebrand," and there is "What Price Glory" (the latter given us by Arthur Hopkins); but that is about all. And even Mr. Hopkins, it should be remembered, though he became a theatrical producer by way of vaudeville, underwent a conversion sometime about 1915 and has a good deal in common with the spirit of the group under discussion. There have been, of course, various remarkable commercial successes and various plays of some value, but there have been no others of merit comparable with that of the plays mentioned. Even Mr. Belasco, once looked to for at least one of the events of a given season, has done nothing to deserve special mention. His single venture into the pseudo-literary, "Tiger Cats," was a failure; his three successes, "The Harem," "The Dove," and "Ladies of the Evening," are only an amusing but conventional farce, a well-acted melodrama, and a sensationally theatrical piece; each of the three, however, put many dollars in Mr. Belasco's pocket.

The foregoing is by no means intended as a paean in praise of the amateur. At least some of the groups mentioned are thoroughly professional and, presumably, quite as ready as any commercial manager to make money. What the facts do prove, however, is that time has abundantly justified a faith which, ten years ago, none but amateurs seemed to have. They alone refused to believe that, as even critics from academic chairs declared, the stage ought to have nothing to do with literature and everything to do with the "show business"; they alone had confidence in the theater as a means of expression which could hold a place beside the best in, for example, the contemporary novel; and now they have been rewarded by the appearance of an audience which, while it may not include the majority of the population, is nevertheless a large and a truly popular audience in the sense that it is composed not of special enthusiasts but chiefly of people who go to the theater to be entertained—who go, that is to say, with no more definite theories than may be reasonably expected of intelligent but not professionally artistic people. Meanwhile the old-line producers have remained, to a considerable extent, obdurate. Realizing that the millennium has not yet arrived, that art is not the only thing which pays, they are content to leave it, for the most part, to others.

The past week afforded only two new productions. At the Broadhurst Theater Lionel Barrymore appears in "Man or Devil," a play by Jerome K. Jerome which tells a somewhat Dickensesque story of a picturesque miser who temporarily exchanges souls with a generous young man and is completely reformed by learning the sweetness of virtue. The play gives Ruth Findlay an opportunity to look very charming in the costume of seventeenth-century Holland and Mr. Barrymore to do an accomplished bit of character acting of a rather old-fashioned sort, but it is a mechanical and stagy piece. "Lady of the Rose" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is an ambitious play, slightly suggestive of Pirandello, which tells the story of an aged playwright who is robbed of his phantom love when his play containing her is mangled upon the stage. It is only moderately interesting because the phantom girl is never vividly enough realized to seem important and because such lines of the play as are read seem rather terrible gush. The author has conceived an intellectual passion and then been unable to represent this passion as other than sentimentality. The effect is much like that which would be produced by writing a drama about Beethoven and using as illustrations of the power of music excerpts from current popular songs about dear old dad and mother o' mine.

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